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Second class postage is paid at Salt Lake City, Utah.
The cover: Castle Gate in Carbon County, Utah. Coal mining activity began in this area about the time of the railroad’s completion in 1883. In 1914 the community was incorporated. One of the many company towns in Carbon County, Castle Gate suffered the loss of 172 miners in the explosion at the number 2 mine on March 8, 1924. The Utah Fuel Company sold all the company houses in 1960. The town no longer exists. USHS collections.
Books reviewed

Rowland W. Rider as told to Deirdre Paulsen. Sixshooters and Sagebrush: Cowboy Stories of the Southwest. . . . W. L. Rusho 407

Richard D. Poll et al. Utah's History . . . Allan Kent Powell 408

Juanita Brooks. Jacob Hamblin: Mormon Apostle to the Indians . . . Inez Stevens Cooper 409


Richard Erdoes. Saloons of the Old West . . . . Hal Cannon 411
Just as eastern Utah differs significantly from the remainder of the state in its scenery and other geographical features, so does it possess a distinct historical personality. The bald manila and grey hills of the Colorado Plateau horde a mineral wealth that has dominated the area's history from the first. Its magnificent distances have coaxed forth some of the West's most amusing and most heroic stories. The milky water of the Green River, the Blue Mountains standing high above red rock country—these and other features project an imagery of color that is no less vivid in the chronological record than in the place names themselves.

**In this issue**

This issue features four articles on various facets of community living in eastern Utah. The picture they portray is far from definitive but will serve to suggest the historical flavor of the place. Two of them are reminiscences—full of those priceless expressions of hope, fear, tragedy, and triumph that define the range of human experience. The other two are interpretive works from young scholars who, using slightly different approaches, have packaged the histories of two communities with perception, credibility, and a fine personal touch.

Hopefully, these articles will stimulate additional research and writing on this fascinating region. As the accompanying photograph suggests, elements of the frontier are still conspicuous there. What better time than now to begin a comprehensive historical synthesis?
Teancum Pratt, Founder of Helper

EDITED BY EDNA ROMANO

In the spring of 1975, as a bicentennial project, the Sally Mauro Elementary School third grade erected a granite memorial to Teancum Pratt, Helper's first settler, at the site of the Pratt Cemetery. That summer Clifford Cunningham of Salt Lake City, a grandson of Teancum, came to Helper to see the memorial. He informed me of the whereabouts of Teancum Pratt's diary. It was in the possession of his granddaughter Mary Pratt Barker of Ogden, Utah, who has given her kind permission for its publication in commemoration of the centennial of Helper.

The typescript transcription has been used in preparing the diary for publication, and except for correcting obvious typographical errors the printed journal reflects Teancum's errant spellings of names and other peculiarities of his style and personality. Maps have been provided to clarify for the reader the location or relationship of many of the places mentioned in the diary. A few of Teancum's references are obscure; some of the persons mentioned could not be further identified; and some persons are identified by their relationship to later or present residents of the area. Footnotes have been intentionally kept to a minimum to let Teancum's unusual personality and his perception of events tell the story.

Teancum wrote of many things: his father Parley Parker Pratt's death, his struggle as a young boy, his two wives and twenty-two children, his experiences with the United Order, his arrival in Castle Valley, his settling and homesteading in Helper in 1881, his term in prison for practicing polygamy, his activities in the LDS church, sicknesses and deaths in his family, and his associations with the early pioneers in the Helper–Spring Glen area. He also recorded many of the major events in the history of the Helper and Spring Glen settlements: the opening of the first school, the coming of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad,

Mrs. Romano, a teacher at Sally Mauro Elementary School in Helper, received the Society's Teacher Award at the 1977 Annual Meeting. She wishes to give special acknowledgment to Mary Pratt Barker for her assistance in the preparation of this article. Autobiographical material on Teancum Pratt exists in several forms and versions. The editor has made use of those available to her.
the building of the Spring Glen Canal, the opening of the mines, and the selection of the county seat. In addition, his vivid descriptions of the terrain provide a backdrop against which his life unfolds.

Teancum included most of the important facts of his life in the diary. He was born on November 15, 1851, in Salt Lake City, to Parley Parker Pratt and Sarah Houston. He married Anna Elizabeth Mead, daughter of Orlando and Lydia Presly Mead, on October 10, 1872. He married Sarah Elizabeth Ewell, daughter of Francis Marion and Frances Mary Weech Ewell, on October 25, 1875. His last entry on January 19, 1900, was written some eight months before his death on September 8, 1900, in a coal mining accident.

I was born in the year 1851, in the Old Fort, Great Salt Lake City of Salt Lake County, Utah on the 15th November.
I was the eighth of ten living sons of Parley P. Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.\(^1\) My mother was Sarah Huston, Parley P. Pratt’s seventh wife.

In my 6th year, I was bereft of my father, who was assassinated in Arkansas. The next year after his death, I with my mother’s family moved to Payson, Utah. My mother married a German farmer named Tousich. My stepfather deserted us and went to California.

My sister Julia’s husband, John Gardner, persuaded my mother to sell her home, give him the proceeds, and go to Goshen to live with him. Life in Goshen was miserable. We children received very little schooling. My brother-in-law was a very unwise manager.

It was about my eleventh year when I went to live with my brother Alma. He pretended that he had a great interest for my welfare and was sorry to see me growing up in ignorance and running wild in the country. I have always looked back upon the two years which I spent with him as the most sorrowful and miserable part of my life.

At the end of those two years, I received quite a start of means from my father’s estate. It provided us a good piece of land in Goshen with teams and wagons.

In my 15th year, I had the misfortune to lose half of my left foot, which was frozen off while working for George Higginson. I was driving a freight team of 2 yoke of cattle. It was winter. We made it to Salt Lake City before Christmas. Mr. Higginson sent me on to Lehi Fields with both teams of cattle. This took me all day and night, and by morning I was frozen badly. Mr. Higginson treated me badly, being fed on bread alone and not enough of that.

In 1867, I traded my land at the mouth of Salt Creek Canyon above Goshen. I felt Goshen was not good enough for me, farming nor my surroundings were not good enough. Taking my mother, brothers, and sisters, I moved to Salt Lake City. I attended school 2 years, then removed to Goshen as teacher, but was unstable as wind and shifted to Santaquin, Utah. While here I married Miss Anna Eliza Mead on October 10, 1872. My first born, Teancum Orlando was born on December 13, 1873. He drowned at Prattville on August 27, 1875.

In 1874, we removed to Prattville, and joined my brother Helemen, a ward in the United Order.\(^2\) While in Prattville, on October 25, 1875, I took a second wife, Sarah Elizabeth Ewell, age 15. My second child, Ether, was born to Annie on November 11, 1875, at Prattville.

From Prattville, the United Order, breaking up, we moved to Richfield. We lived here for 2 years, then moved to Kingston, Utah, where we tried the experiment of living and eating at one table. This was a failure. I was at last tired and concluded to quit and commence the old and incorrect way again of everyone for himself and the devil for all. My wife Annie, bore me a daughter just previous to our move on October 26, 1877, which we named Mary Lydia, and in February 26, 1878, my wife Sarah, bore her first child which we named Parley Pahoran, in Kingston.\(^3\)

I went to Hillsdale, then Panquitch, and then Santaquin in 1879. I taught school in Spring Lake and suffered awful poverty.

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\(^1\) Pratt (1807-57) was born in New York. He was ordained an apostle by Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1835.

\(^2\) Prattville was located four miles northeast of Richfield between Venice and Glenwood in Sevier County.

\(^3\) Kingston is five miles southeast of Junction in Piute County.
In Spring Lake three children were born to me; Annie bearing twins, Alma and Nephi on December 7, 1879. Alma died of cold on December 27, 1879. Sarah gave birth to Sarah Elizabeth on January 24, 1880.

I found that my physical strength was not sufficient to endure hard labor and about the last of June, 1880, I came to the conclusion that I would go out to the frontier and take up land and either sink or swim in the attempt to maintain ourselves. So hearing of Castle Valley, I struck out and came to Price River on the 24th of July, 1880, coming down Gordon Creek from Pleasant Valley and locating at the mouth of Gordon Creek. But the neighbors were hunters, trappers, and bachelors, and soreheads and did not welcome any settlers, so I had a very tough time of it and had to leave that location and moved up to what is now Helper, at that time a lovely wilderness, and commenced anew in 1881.

Then came the Rio Grande Railroad. Money was plentiful, but I could never get ahead. The Price River was unfortunate in getting its first settlers. They were not the honest kind who will pull together and sacrifice for each other.

In the winter of 1880-1881, on New Year's Day, I was frozen in the mountains on Beaver Creek trying to get to Spanish Fork, and had to come back and lay all winter with my feet frozen.

After moving to Helper Homestead, I made a small ditch upon each side of the Price River and commenced to raise such crops as we most needed, but the land proved not fertile and crop after crop was almost a failure and being unable to fence, it was very difficult to keep the cattle from out crops. Lehi Marion, my eighth child, was born to Sarah at Spring Glen on October 4, 1881.

Sister Mead came into the Valley and settled with us and also Brother F. M. Ewell and family about the year 1882, and so my wives and family would not be so lonely.

There were plenty of deer and rabbits and ducks at that time, but it was never profitable to hunt, as it took too much time. We, at that time were without cows and teams or vehicles or tools or machinery and seemed to live on nothing. I was lamed very badly in my right leg by the caving of a bank in 1882. It was early spring. I worked at grubbing and ditching sitting on a low stool, but through all those terrible days, I was determined not to give up but to conquer the wilderness and become independent of the rich and only have to work for myself, and I could see light ahead, and had faith that I should accomplish this result.

During 1882, we raised very little vegetables, potatoes, beets, carrots, melons, etc. We all lived together in a part cellar and one log room beside. During the winter, I hunted, dressing my feet in gunny sacks, which was plentiful about the railroad camp. My children were small and numerous, and my crops poor.

*Monday, June 5 [1882]* Rose at 4 o'clock, put water on 4 different places, corn, sugar cane, potatoes, and bottom piece for corn. Found a way of letting out a small stream of water at any place along the ditch by putting in a board with a notch cut in the middle of the side and putting small rocks below for the water to fall upon. Sarah and Amande planted popcorn and beans, also some watermelons. At noon we were driven out of the bowery and into the house by a shower of rain which lasted

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*Spring Lake is between Santaquin and Payson in Utah County.

*Pratt evidently wrote this part of the journal from notes after Helper was named.*
long enough to wet the ground about an inch deep. We had the first pigweed greens of the season today for dinner.

**Tuesday June 6 [1882]** Made a piece of levee to ward off floods from the garden, hoed corn, watered a little.

Ether came running in breathless haste this afternoon to tell me that to hurry home and get my gun for he said, “We wants you to come and shoot a hawk which has killed a little chick.” This is the first time this kind of thing has happened to us in Castle Valley.

I take comfort in reading the Deseret News and [Woman’s] Exponent after having been deprived of them in a great measure for 2 years.

I am looking forward to the time in the near future when we will have a mail route and post office on Price River.

**June 7 Wednesday [1882]** Annie went visiting this afternoon and brought word of there being 5 or 6 head of stray sheep in the vicinity.

Sarah began planting white beans. We had our first radishes and lettuce for dinner.

I am pretty near through with the levee. Today Sarah and myself also have replanted the corn.

**Thursday June 8 [1882]** Hoed the onion bed partly over. Continued work on the levee hoping to finish it before any heavy rain comes, so it will catch the floods.

Sister Mead and Amanda planted some white beans and finished planting corn. Also they planted some squash; cucumbers coming up. I also finished plowing and took the plow home to Ewell’s.

Today was Sarah’s birthday. She forgot it till night. She is 22 years old.

**Friday June 9 [1882]** Finished the levee and ditch around the outside of the land and prepared some land for white beans, which we planted in the afternoon. Began fencing across the river.

This evening I crossed the river to get the cows and saw three fresh bear tracks going up the river. Bears are frequently on the river during June and July.

Mrs. Babcock and Mary Ewell visited us today. They are not on very friendly terms with each other.

Idona was stung by a scorpion on the left arm in 3 or 4 different places. Her mother put fresh cow-dropping and soda upon it and it seems to be doing quite well.

**Saturday June 10 [1882]** Finished planting the white beans and they were the last of my planting for the season unless I can plant some lucern.

Mr. Harper brought us the news from the Clear Creek Post Office which we esteemed a favor. He also brought a letter from my sister Zina.

**Sunday June 11 [1882]** Two men passed here carrying their blankets from Colorado going to Montana or the Northwest. There has been a numerous lot of that kind of travel past here all through the latter part of winter and spring. They complain of hard times in Colorado. We have rumors of busy times ahead on the Railroad which it is said will start this way from Clear Creek on the 15th of June.

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* Jane Babcock was Harry Babcock’s wife; they lived in Spring Glen. Mary Ewell, wife of Lorenzo Ewell, was Sarah Pratt’s sister-in-law.
* Idona Mead was Annie Pratt’s sister.
* Tucker was called Clear Creek at this time. The name was changed to Tucker because of the other town of Clear Creek near Scofield.
Monday June 12 [1882] Hoed various of the garden patches and got fencing from the island to fence my crops, also grubbed a while in the evening. One of the oxen stepped upon 2 of my toes this afternoon and for a short time, I feared they were seriously hurt, as they were between the oxen's foot and a sharp rock. Thanks to Providence, they are feeling nearly well tonight.

My eyes are weak and threaten to become really sore so that writing is not convenient, especially at night.


I went down the river to hunt some kind of grasses, but got none.

Mat Simmons took dinner with us.

At dusk, Miss Gullen and Handricks arrived enroute for their garden. They stayed overnight with us and told us news of such things as we wished to hear about the settlements.

Wednesday June 14 [1882] Watered and grubbed the land. Annie transplanted 4 rows of cabbage.

In the evening, I went to Ewell's to get the cows and oxen which had gone down there the first time for over a month. Showed Sister Ewell how to water her garden.

Thursday June 15 [1882] Finished grubbing the lucern land and hoeing the sugar cane the first time over and setting out the cabbage patch.

Frank and Lorenzo Ewell arrived from Clear Creek this evening.9 There have been over a dozen men passing here on foot today, coming from Colorado and going to various places in the west. They report hard times in the mining camps in some parts of Colorado. They are generally hungry and want to buy provisions.

Friday June 16 [1882] The children are hungry and so were we all, having but little in the house to eat. In the forenoon, I went into Spring Canyon and found plenty of fresh deer signs there. In the evening took the team and in company with Lorenzo Ewell, we camped at the springs overnight. In the morning we found and obtained some meat.

Saturday June 17 [1882] Plowed land for lucern all day.

Sunday June 18 [1882] Stayed at home most of the day and had a good rest. F. M. Ewell arrived from Clear Creek and brought me two copies of the Deseret News. I enjoyed myself greatly.

Monday June 19 [1882] Planted my lucern and took Brother Ewell's plow home with the handles broken. Peas and potatoes in blossom, corn doing fine. Rain fell last night.

Wednesday June 21 [1882] This has been one of the days that are annoying and vex and try people's tempers. I was afraid of frost.


Ewell's drove up here and spent the afternoon.

Monday June 26 [1882] Started to put up the fence, watering the corn.

Saturday July 1 [1882] Having my crop planted and well started, I thought it would be wisdom for me to leave home and try to earn some money, as our provisions were getting low and we are pretty short in clothing.

*Frank and Lorenzo Ewell, Sarah Pratt's brothers, hauled supplies for the railroad to Colton and Clear Creek (Tucker).
Friday July 7 [1882] My trip to Emma’s Park was disastrous. I had received intimations before starting that it would be best to stay at home and take care of my crop and improve my place and wait for some good and sure opportunity to work for money, but I felt that the pressure was so heavy upon me to go and earn something that I would go and run the risk of gain or loss.

I have wandered about from camp to camp, but no good opening presented for me to get profitable employment, and so I started for home.

It was on July 5, that I had got into Price Canon, at the mouth of which I live, when the heavens grew black, the sky overcast with a heavy tempest cloud and the rain began to pour down in an unprecedented manner, such thunder I never heard before. It was a continual roar for, I should think, over half an hour. The river rose in a few minutes to a raging flood that carried away thousands of ties for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

The bridges were damaged, in fact, all carried down stream, and after the flood subsided, I had to ford where the bridges had stood. In crossing the second ford my oxen shied off down the stream and I lost control of them. To save myself, I plunged in and swam to shore. The hind end of the wagon swung round against the bank and I, seeing the oxen in great danger, ran along the wagon to the tongue hold which I drew out thus liberating the oxen and saving their lives. I stopped at the coal mine with Peter Monks, an old English miner, that night. My loss was one wheel, one chain, one sack of salt, my molds for my gun with some primer and powder, and nine days time on the trip. When I got home, I was rejoiced to see that the flood had not injured my crop which was planted in a low river bottom.

Sunday July 9 [1882] We went berrying with the Ewells and Babcocks down the river to my old place where many currants grow. The hay meadows we found ruined entirely by the flood. While down there I was fortunate enough to buy nearly 500 pounds flour at $3.00 a hundred.

Saturday July 22 [1882] Spent the week in fixing and repairing the water ditch, also got a load of house logs which the flood brought down. Took up a wild cow from the range to milk and so Sister Mead’s cow, Dassy, came in also. We will have plenty of milk and butter now.

I received word from Huntington that the school trustees would like me to come and teach for them. I may go next winter.

Sunday July 23 [1882] Last Sunday there came to me a man, Fredrick Finn, who was in quite a strait to get a couple of colts that were up in the mountains. He offered me 5 dollars if I would go and help him find them which I finally consented to do. We spent several hours conversing about his part of Utah. We went on Monday, returned on Tuesday morning. Got a fine buck while out.

Spent the week, after getting back in hoeing corn and a few beans.

The 24th July being at hand, we have been busy preparing to keep it in our humble way. We shall display the stars and stripes, fire our guns, and feast ourselves together and we have received an invitation to attend a dance down the river.

November 2 [1882] My wife Annie gave birth to my ninth child, Joseph Mormon.

November 10 [1882] My son, Joseph Mormon, was blessed by me.
1883

January 1 [1883] I have not kept account of events that have transpired since November. I will therefore write some of the most prominent occurrences down according to memory.

Brother Erastus Snow of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles came to Price River and preached to the people. He praised the land and country and spoke of its facilities, showing that we have a very good land to make home in. He gave much good counsel and promised to have a ward organized to send us some missionary settlers and a bishop. He talked very kind and fatherly to the people and I felt greatly encouraged and strengthened by the visit. He stayed overnight at the house of my father-in-law F. M Ewell, and myself and family visited with them and spent a very happy evening.

January 22 [1883] Went to Price station to get some hay for Brother Jens Hansen; also, he being sick, I took some oil which was consecrated and administered to him.11

January 24 [1883] Worked on Brother Jens Hansen’s cellar the last two days. They are living in tents and are exposed to an inclement season. The weather was colder on the 19th than was ever known before in Utah and many parts of the U.S.A.

January 27 [1883] Hunted wild game and grubbed sagebrush off my farm, also made a door for Hansen’s cellar. Did not get any game and got home on Saturday evening very tired, having been sick the night before with dysentary, but when it has snowed is the time to hunt in the region and I felt like I must go and try for that is almost my only dependence for meat and our supply was gone. Brother Hansen let me have 8 pounds of bacon and E. Perkins sent me a piece of venison and thus the Lord provides for me in our poverty.12

Sunday January [1883] Today I attended Sunday school at Brother Ewell’s; after it was out, I spoke to him of the feeling of malice existing held by his family against my family. He did not see any way to settle such feelings, seeing that my family would not, he thought, make sufficient acknowledgment of faults. There is a feeling seemingly of deep and irreconcilable enmity existing between them which I exceedingly regret. In consequence, meetings and Sabbath school are discontinued for the time being. We think them at fault, and they think we are in the fault. These things are very grievous to me, but all will doubtless work for the best.

Sunday February [1883] I passed the week at grubbing land, there being a very heavy growth of sagebrush upon those portions which I desire to clear for the coming season. I also visited Brother Jens [James] Hansen, who settled upon the river just above my claim, and who required my assistance in getting his cellar made and getting 10 ton of hay hauled from Price Station, he in turn being able to spare me some provisions we needed and which were quite acceptable, especially the bacon. We are not yet situated as to raise hogs, but hope to do so next year. We are now keeping one young goat at Mrs. Mead’s.

February [1883] The children are learning rapidly to spell, read, and write. They attend a small school kept by my wife Sarah.13

10 First child born in Helper.
11 Jens Hansen was the grandfather of Lorene Hansen Fossat, Dick Hansen of Helper, and Keith Hansen of Spring Glen.
12 E. Perkins, Annie Pratt’s sister, lived up Gordon Creek.
13 The school was held in Sarah’s home at Spring Glen.
Sister Mead’s family are gone, all but Orlando and George. The girls are working out. Received a letter containing a recommend from Spring Lake yesterday.

**Sunday February 11 [1883]** Passed the week at various occupations, filling up the odd time at grubbing and clearing land. I surveyed a ditch for Henry Babcock hunted some, got up a lot of wood with Hansen’s team. I expect to go to Price Station and carpenter with Brother Eldridge and assist him at building at that place.

**Monday February 12 [1883]** Leveled ditch and grubbed.

**Tuesday February 13 [1883]** Snowed last night and I hunted all day. Had a fine days sport and got 3 deer.

**Wednesday February 14 [1883]** Dressed my game and sorted potatoes.

**Thursday February 15 [1883]** [Joseph] Hansen wished me to go hunting with him and brought an extra horse for me to ride, as it had snowed during the proceeding night. The north wind blew fierce and cold all day and we rode briskly through the woods till 10 o’clock, but did not see any tracks nor game and arrived home by noon. I finished the day at grubbing, and he proceeded on his hunt in the afternoon with the same results.

**Friday February 16 [1883]** I grubbed and cleared the land all day, clearing perhaps half an acre.

**Saturday February 17 [1883]** Grubbed land till noon. The weather very pleasant, and a little like spring. We received an invitation to a birthday party for Mrs. Jane Eldridge to be on Monday evening, February 19, at Price.

**Sunday February 18 [1883]** Rested at home and in the afternoon, Annie and the children, accompanied by myself took a walk up in the hills, among the pines and cedars. The scenery is delightfully grand, and we felt while rambling and clambering over the hills and through the evergreens, that we have a most delightful home in the mountains of Israel; and to praise God for his good in providing such a home for us.

Sarah has been sick the past 2 days of indigestion.

**Monday February 19 [1883]** Had the children helping me to clean up the door yard and premises and after 12:00, we went down to Price and attended a social party and dinner making presents and in celebration of Mrs. Eldridge’s birthday. While at the party, I read in the News the accounts of the awful floods that are prevailing in the states and I feel that it is a portion of the judgements which are to be poured out upon the earth in the last days.

**Tuesday February 20 [1883]** Grubbed brush on my land below the garden and at about 11:00, Mr. Gillett, agent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad called and settled with me for my land which the company had crossed with the road.

**Wednesday February 21 [1883]** Grubbed land at the same place as yesterday. Attended another birthday party in the evening at Brother H. Babcock’s.

**Thursday February 22 [1883]** Brother H. Babcock and Albert Dalton came up to work upon the water ditch. They intend to extend my ditch so as to get the water on their land from it.

**Friday February 23 [1883]** Worked on the water ditch about half a day. I grubbed a piece of land in the afternoon.

14 Henry Babcock was a Spring Glen resident.
15 Joseph was a son of Jens Hansen.
Saturday February 24 [1883] Worked all day on the ditch. Some of the last 2 days were spent hauling rock on the dam. The river rises into quite a flood at night through slush ice forming and daming the river up.

Sunday February 25 [1883] We all took a walk up to view Spring Canon.

Monday February 26 [1883] Waterditching is lively, is very brisk now on the river. Everyone seems determined to get himself a ditch. I have been working to that end all day and done but little work mostly running around.

December 6 [1883] Sarah gave birth to my tenth child, Moroni.

1884-88

September 5 [1884] I was ordained a Seventy under the hands of President Semour B. Young. The meeting was a stormy one for me as I opposed the proposed selection of Brother Branch for Senior President of the new Quorum and referred in rather disrespectful terms to the bishop who had been selected for Price, and under whom I was living. I could plainly see that there could be no spiritual advancement under such men and sure enough there never was.

From 1883 to 1885, we just edged along among a people who were non-progressive and mostly dishonest.

July 6 [1885] Annie gave birth to my eleventh child, Helen Grace at the Homestead in Helper.16

December 12 [1885] Sarah gave birth to my twelfth child, Mosiah.

In 1886, I taught school in Ewell’s Hall17 a short time, but was very much alarmed by expected raids from the U.S. Marshalls.18 These have not been very happy years for me. I have lived in the wilderness with my families and had seemingly no friends and naught but poverty.

August 24 [1887] Annie gave birth to my thirteenth child, Zina Mercy.

Up to 1888, I continued trying to get settled and have a ward, and build up a more desirable condition around me.

February 20 [1888] [Spring Glen] Attended a meeting at Brother Ewell’s house to consider what should be the size and shape of Spring Glen which is the name agreed upon for this settlement at the time the canal company was organized.

This morning the Seventy Quorum was organized in Price by Semour Young and when I saw how the presidency was chosen of men some of who were sodden with tabacco and careless of the holy word of wisdom and who have sought the offices according to the best of my konwledge and belief. I was overcome with indignation and rose and plead the cause of the people arguing the Quorum could not have a spiritual vigor and growth under such conditions and otherwise expressing my dessent in the action of the meeting. Now as the church is so full of those proceedings and is everywhere saddled with this sort of men, I seem to stand alone in my opinions so I am led to ask myself am I apostatizing? The stand I took is a very unusual one in the church and is generally considered a sign of sliding back. But time will show. I believe that a stupendous change is at hand for Zion and that many who have become installed in position as leaders of this people will be found to be blind leaders of the blind. The times are out of joint and trouble is ahead.

16 The homestead was in the E½ of NE¼ of Sec 24 T13S R9E.
17 Sarah’s father’s two-story house in Spring Glen, also the first church.
18 Teancum was wanted for unlawful cohabitation under the Edmunds Act.
February 24 [1888] Received a note this morning asking me to meet with A. Ferron at Castle Gate and stating there will be a little money in it as he is a government surveyor and conjectured something of the nature of his business. But I found in going to meet him that he is working on a Boom and trying to make some money out of the excitement about anthracite which is now raging. As I am acquainted with the mountains here and as this vicinity is suppose to be the continuation of the formation in which such coal is said to be found further down the valley, Mr. Ferron wanted me and when I met him it was explained. He proposed me to show him where the best lands were probably situated and he would work up the boom and look after purchases for joint locations while I should work the claims and receive wages for my labor. He being responsible for the same.

June 12 [1888] Sarah gave birth to my fourteenth child, Samuel.

In 1888, the Railroad was being broadgaged and I was able to foresee sufficiently to locate the proper coal lands so that I earned $1300 prospecting and also earned a team and wagon and mower and rake and seemed to be strictly in it.

1889

I was especially active working on committees and as secretary of meetings called for public purposes, but in it all I always felt as if the ruling sentiments of most of the brethren was selfish and unreliable and ignorant, sparing for personal preferment and seeking for personal ends, yet I fear my judgment is faulty and I may lack in charity. Certain it is that the settlement is very slow and backward.

In 1889, we had progressed so far that a ward organization was affected and a new chorister selected. I had acted as such and was rejoiced of having a more thorough and efficient singing class, but in this I was doomed to much grief and disappointments as the new family who were named Thompson, proved to be wholly unsatisfactory.

1890

Then came 1890 and after 8 years of dread and worry, I was arrested for unlawful cohabitation. I lay in the penitentiary from February 25, 1890 to August 25, 1890.

For some few years past I have been under apprehension of arrest and imprisonment for my family relationship, and in January last month, 1890, I was notified by U.S. Deputies to repair to Provo for trial. I was at Sarah's and in the night the Deps. came to Annie's and she misled them as to my whereabouts, but they left a paper for my fare in case I chose to come of my own accord and stand trial.29 As I did not care to hide up and the other brethren had mostly served terms in prison, I conceded to go to Provo and report, believing further that if I was humble and submissive I might receive leniency and a light sentence. I went and waived examination to Provo before Hills, an old apostate. I was examined, also my plural wife, Sarah, as witness. While there a cunning plan was laid to entrap me into going on the bonds of my wife as witness, thus preventing me from taking the oath and forcing me to pay whatever fine might be, but Brother Maroni, who was with me, whispered to me and warned me, so I refused to go on her bond. We both succeeded, however, in getting bonds without much trouble and returned home.

29 The town of Ferron, Emery County, was named for surveyor Augustus Ferron.

29 Sarah was in Spring Glen and Annie in Helper.
My trial was set for the February term, giving me 30 days at home to prepare.  

January 16 [1890] I returned home and in hauling wood for sale had my left leg broken off below the knee. I set it myself, bound my felt socks about it and Parley went home and got a sleigh and help.21 The men came with sleigh and carefully conveyed me home and we sent for Dr. Pike who did me no good and charged $50.00.

February 11 [1890] Annie gave birth to my fifteenth child, Mathoni.

Monday February 17 [1890] About 1 o’clock the members of Spring Glen ward came and surprised me, bringing picnic and visiting with me till nearly dark, I being confined to my bed by my leg.

Tuesday February 18 [1890] Deputies Redford and Birch came and sub­poenaed my wives as witnesses, but Annie could not go, being confined.

Wednesday February 19 [1890] 3 o’clock a.m., boarded the 3 o’clock train. Sarah was with me. I was able to board the train and appear by the aid of crutches, and pleading guilty to charge of Unlawful Cohabitation, was sentenced by Judge Blackburn to the full penalty, 6 months and a large fine. It was February 25, 1890, when I went, and the coldest time of that winter, in fact, the only time to put up ice and all were trying to rush the business just then.

February 25 to August 25, 1890

The time in prison passed very slowly.22 The fare was healthy, but very plain. We had mush and tea for supper, but as I did not use tea, it was mush and water. We were furnished with milk or any other article by paying our own money, which was kept in the office. I had therefore milk for my mush. For breakfast and dinner, it was beef soup and coarse bread.

My time was quite pleasantly occupied studying characters and lives of the many men who I became acquainted with. There were all manner of men there at that time. Some thought L.D.S., some culprits of the blackest hue and from many parts of the earth. Most all countries furnish inmates.

The first night we spent in a cell on the 3rd corridor, but in the morning, I was taken to the hospital and the surgeon examined my leg and I was allowed to remain in the hospital some months. Here the fare was slightly better than in the dining hall and the room was more convenient, but the inmates were awful wicked men. The room was much more convenient that the cell house and I was tolerably confortable.

My money and knife were kept from me and I was dressed in striped clothing and no favor was shown me by any of the guards because of my lameness, but if I had been able and willing to work, I could have enjoyed many privelges.

On February 27, I joined the choir which was composed mostly of our brethren and an organ. We sang in a superior manner, there being plenty of good singers. As they were short of bass, I was quite at home.

I took considerable interest in getting sight of noted criminals and having them pointed out to me by the brethren. We were shaved and bathed once a week. The shaving is performed by the prisoners.

21 Parley was twelve years old at this time.

22 The territorial penitentiary was located in Salt Lake City on the site of present-day Sugarhouse Park.
Noted criminals appear just like ordinary men, but in conversation, many of them claim to be innocent while some of them delight to tell of their daring and prowess as law breakers.

I was placed in the hospital and had the attendance of the doctors. The inmates at the hospital were a very rude and coarse set, but a Brother Gee was there who had a broken ankle.

Sunday March 2 [1890] Attended Sunday school which is a large class of the brethren and found the choir was used to sing there and also at the afternoon general service.

March 3 [1890] I am making new acquaintances fast and am gaining much experience. Watching the traits of different individuals is a source of much interesting study. The greatest besetment of some is pride and the lack of humility. There are many who will talk if the subject be themselves, but few are good listeners, except the subject be frivolity.

I spent many pleasant hours in company with some of the brethren who are very kindly and upright men, especially Brothers Murdock, of Ogden, Robinson of Beaver, Dunham of Sanpete, Jens Brown of Richfield.

There was plenty of music in the pen., both vocal and instrumental, also games of various kinds, chequers, chess, house ball, draw base, and also a day school, where at were taught bookkeeping and mathematics. There was also a library and prisoners were allowed to have a very great deal of leisure to occupy as they saw fit.

I fully believe in the principle of hard labor for convicts and lawbreakers, and I say it is a great injustice for society to keep prisoners as they are kept at the Utah penitentiary.

While these lonesome days are passing, my family are being well cared for at home. The Railroad Company are making a siding at my home and land is rising in value rapidly. I am getting rich faster than I ever did in my life. My Desert Land Entry is vacant, owing to my not proving up, and I worry least some one might jump my land.23 We shall have to plot some part of our land for sale in lots. I feel incompetent to make the most of the probable prosperity. I visit a great deal and talk on the prospects of the Saints all day.

Wednesday, March 12 [1890] Today I was telling stories in company with Brothers Dunham, Spencer, and Anderson, and we were each trying to tell of the hardest experience, things which had happened in our past lives. My relation was one of my poverty. How for seventeen years I had waded through sore trials with a large family and no resources. I thought I could make a pretty tough story and not stretch the truth, but I had to give it up when they came with their stories of sickness and domestic division and dissensions. Truly the saints are a tried people. May God reward them. Some of these brethren are here for long terms and truly my heart fails me when I think of these trials, men with large families poor and dependent and then to be shut up for 1 to 3 and 4 years is enough to seal the damnation of any government.

It is interesting to me to have pointed out to me the notorious men whose history has been published and who have become noted through the public papers.

Some are here for life, some for 20 years, some for all kinds and grades of crimes. They are just ordinary looking men. The great rogues of the world seldom get in here, being too smart and influential. These are only the small-fry scape goats,

23 Teancum had surface rights to 221 acres in Sec 19 T13S R10E.
men with no breadth and little expertise and not one of the best thinks he is a good fellow who has been unjustly dealt with.

Among my best and kindest friends in here are Brothers Murdock, Robinson, Dunham, Brown, Sampson, McAlister and also Brother Anderson of Fillmore. An anecdote which will illustrate character is here inserted. We were conversing upon desperate men and I was asking questions as usual. The conversation turned upon a very desperate and cool train robbery which happened in Cache Valley some time ago and was performed by a singing man. It was a very noted case and I asked with eagerness, “Is the man here now?” “Certainly!” was answered, “You will easily know him. He is medium height and weight, very fair, blue eyes, golden hair, and wears a large treasure on his cravat.” I was astonished, for I had already met him and spoken to him and wondered what offense such an innocent looking man had been guilty of. He had begged a milk ticket, with which he wished to gamble, (a very common occurrence) of me just the evening before.

I am getting a letter from home about once a week and attending Sunday school and divine services on Sunday. These are held frequently by sectarian ministers.

My leg being done up in plaster felt so uncomfortable that on March 26, I took the plaster off, but had cut it in such a way that I could replace it by binding it on for daytime with cords.

While these days are passing, I receive hints from various sources of the events which are occurring outside and mostly through the papers to which we have free and abundant access. I get letters from various parties and am led to expect a boom at my farm as the “Western” is expected by many to make its division right in the middle of my land, and as my Desert Filing is to run out, I am anxious and pray that the Lord will hold them back till I can take measures to secure it better.

One of the sorrows of my prison life was that although I have very many relations near the pen., none of them came to see me except once when my sisters Lucy and Nell came.

The criminals who are here are quite a righteous lot that take their own word for it. They do not think they need repentance or reformation, but justify themselves. I received some money, $54.00, for my labor for the “Western” prior to coming here and sent it home.

Tuesday March 29 [1890] Brothers James Jack and F. M. Lyman came and visited the prison today, and Brother Lyman sent in his regards to me. There are great troubles in the earth now; earthquakes on the Pacific, floods in Mississippi, labor strikes, trouble in Russia and C. C.

Thursday May 1 [1890] Great fast day. How I rejoiced today. Letter came from home; received $5.00 from home. My under clothing being very scant, and seeing the others being provided with clothing, I sent for some and was refused. They think we men of large family do not need as much as the man who has none to provide for and came here destitute.

We were permitted to write letters one a week and receive them as often as they might come; all correspondence being subject to inspection.

I am greatly surprised and comforted to know that all my affairs at home are more prosperous than ever before and my family are well provided.

24 See maps for location of railroad buildings and tracks in relation to Pratt’s holdings. In the entry for February 20, 1883, Teancum told of settling with the railroad. This was for a right of way across his land. In 1890 the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad was in the process of changing its trackage to broad gauge. Evidently, Pratt had not proved up on his desert entry.
The Lord showed me in answer to prayer that he would take special care of them. The prison is not severe upon the Brethren. They are out at work in the fields and go to town on errands for the prison, and inside the yards, they rest and visit and are permitted many pleasures and privileges. I was permitted free access to the library and read much including Young's Night Thoughts.

August 25 [1890] Released from prison.

1891-93


My wife Sarah, gave birth to my sixteenth child, Isabelle Ruth, on September 24, 1892, in Salt Lake City where she is in exile.

January [1893] Being now pretty well located and comfortable, I undertake to write more fully upon my own daily life and passing events. The thoughts of my heart, my hopes and fears. I shall also try to go back and fill from memory the gaps left in my history as fully as possible. It has been natural to me to view my own life as tame and uneventful, but at times when the visions of mind open to view things differently, I can understand of what intense interest the times I have lived in with all their details; and my part therein will be perused and studied by generations to come. How greatly would I prize such a record of any one of my forefathers. They are in total eclipse, oblivious covers them. What a shame.

January 26 [1893] I went to Castle Gate intending to get coke, but had to buy coal at $2.80 per ton. Having $1.40 with me, I promised to pay next time I got up. I have been trying to collect bills of debts the past week, and they all usually fail to pay owing to closeness of the times. I am, myself, heavily in debt, perhaps $500.00, but have quite large resources: viz Helper Townsite 700 lots. Have only sold some 30, yet also controlling interest in Beaver Ditch, and houses and lots in Helper, but cash is hard to get.

I have lately adopted the practice of fasting and praying to God for assistance as I am broke in strength and my families needs are so great. Sarah being in Salt Lake City in exile and her children in school, and my children numbering 13 living, robust hearty souls to eat and wear. So my only course must be to live by faith. I have to pay $10.00 per month for Sarah’s rent and $25.00 for expenses and I am daily and hourly praying for the changes which are to lift up Zion.

I take more pleasure in converse with Brother Fullmer and Brother C. H. Cook than any others in this place and watch most eagerly for the Deseret News, which I read so watchfully the signs of the times. We are expecting great movements from Rumania and also in many other quarters, and life is a continual drama of interesting movements by immense bodies towards fullfillment of prophecy, and yet the multitude is unimpressed and stupidly drifting onwards toward chaos and destruction.

Thursday January 27 [1893] Went to work fencing the north line of my homestead at Helper. This string of fence is ½ mile and more and was started early in the fall. It is made by piling large trees, cedars, and pine upon each other and these when placed upon the bank of the huge gully made by nature produce an impregnable fence. It is like finding a fence, as the gully is nearly straight upon the line east and west and the trees grow plentifully along the line. James Hansen brought a load of stove coal from Castle Gate. Wm. Warren Jr. came to try to sell

25 Edwin D. Fullmer was bishop of the Spring Glen ward; Cook was his half-brother.
26 This gully ran down Helper Canyon to the Price River.
me the Oak Spring Bench, so I have been getting a canal made the past season to water the bench and many others.

Our Sunday School choir practiced last evening. The pieces were, "Zion is Growing," and "Far Far Away on Judeas Plains."

We lack most everything with which to make a good choir. We have an organ, but no organist. Bro. H. Thompson does a little, then we have Bro. Ewell for tenor, who cannot see and never speaks the words. As for alto we have none and a lot of giggling girls for air. So we do not have anything to boast of for our choir, but last evenings practice was unusually pleasant.

Miss Palmer arrived from Huntington. She is an orphan girl and is going to work for us.

Saturday, January 29 [1893] Bought some ditch stock of Wm. Moffitt, amount of $30.00. Sold him a grey mare in part.

Attended the annual meeting of the Spring Glen Canal Co. It is in the hands of notoriously dishonest gang of men and has not gone forward the past year and the prospect is very gloomy for 1893 because they seem to be both dishonest and incapable, but as I have the waters at Helper, I am quite independent of them, although it is the same ditch.

Sunday, January 30 [1893] Attended regular Sabbath duties, taught the higher theological class, 2nd intermediate, which I have had charge of for some months past and it is the highest grade in the school at present and is attended by the young elders and their wishes who never have taken much interest in the scriptures and know little or nothing of the science of religion and seem to care less than they know, so our sessions are not very fervent or earnest, but I try to make them interesting and tell stories to illustrate sketches of church history to enlist attention.

At night, the young people gather at my house and we entertain them with comic readings and some songs, but when we tried gospel hymns, they soon wearied of them and clamored for something light and frivolous.

Thursday, February 2 [1893] It was a very cold and windy day, but yet there was a good attendance at fast meeting. I went home to dinner with Bro. Fullmer, and we bought a buggie tongue of Jane Babcock. She seemed quite willing to sell it to us, though on a former occasion, she had refused to either sell or loan it to me.

I am preparing to start day after tomorrow to stake conference. The cry of dull times is arising from all sides, and I fear to try to face the times of scarcity except by appealing to heaven for our daily wants. I have labored by hand but little the present winter, but have been busy attending to getting my accounts and keeping them in order, and attending the spiritual duties of the ward which have consisted of many long meetings of the priesthood in the evenings and meetings of the various associations and choirs, I having to lead the group and Y.M.M.I.A.

There is a great change for the better in Spring Glen Ward since the People’s Ward Conference when the bishop was voted out and Brother E. D. Fulmer was put in his place, and everything has been more encouraging. I have had to efficate as one of the committee on amusements and as president of the deacons, which duty all revolves upon myself mostly. I often wonder why two men are so unlike in spirit and yet so willing to follow the gospel requirements.

Wednesday February 8 [1893] Have just returned from stake conference at Ferron where I went with Fulmer. The weather was cold, the roads rather muddy.

* Oak Spring bench was near Coal City.
except in the north end where there was much more snow. I stayed all night at Bro. Gaylors and acquaintance of several families, among whom were Bro. King, Bro. Burns, and Bro. Buhanan. I was invited to stand and addressed the conference.

**Sunday February 5 [1893]** Attended Sunday School and meeting. A letter of inquiry was read from stake presidency wanting to know how many from our ward were going to the dedication.

I am distressed for means to send to Sarah and worry much about her.

I spoke upon the subject of the building up and future of Spring Glen in meeting and said I thought it would yet become prosperous. Its canal affairs are its present drawbacks, being manipulated by a lot of seeming cranks and thieves and it is no further along than it has been for the last two years except that I settled and improved the heads of it down as far as my land at Helper last summer.

**Monday February 27 [1893]** Have just recovered from a severe attack of Lagripp. I ate but little for 10 days, doctored with beef iron and wine for a tonic and with some cough medicine and quinine.

It is very difficult to get money to pay our obligations and all we can do is keep from suffering. Owing to my liberality in trusting out goods, we are unable to continue business at present, but I can't refuse poor people the necessities of life when I have anything and when they get a few more and so I am unable to supply these demands longer and shall turn my resources into canal property and improve real estate instead of trying to keep a store. There is a heavy cash expense to keep up. Sarah in Salt Lake and I am quite distressed insomuch that it becomes quite a serious problem how to make ends meet. The whole people are in distress from debt and through the failure to adopt the patronage of home industries, we are all trembling on the verge of insolvency and had this people adopted the counsels given in the past they might now have been all rich, but as it is they must stand by faith.

**May 2 [1893]** Annie gave birth to my 17th child, Ester Jane.

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28 This store was in Spring Glen.
Tuesday May 9 [1893] Day before yesterday being Sunday, Lyman and Elder B. H. Roberts being present, conference was commenced at Price. On the following day, Monday, at 2 o'clock p.m. the same brethren held meeting at Spring Glen and selected a new bishopric consisting of E. D. Fulmer, Herbert Savage, and myself, on which occasion I was ordained a high priest and was most mercilessly opposed and somewhat abused by elders William Miller, Thomas H. Jones, and one or two others, but after they had been very severely and pointedly rebuked by the brethren who had come and had also been out voted by the rest of the people, they agreed to sustain me. I was well pleased to leave the 101st Quorum of Seventies, having never felt at home in that Quorum and to obtain the high priesthood seems fitting, now that I am so lame and crippled that I can not well travel and attend to missionary labor. It truly seems like the crowning for which I have hoped, and though I seem to be unqualified for a bishop, yet I rejoice in this calling, and whereas I had intended to leave Spring Glen because of the sloth of the people about getting out the water, yet now I shall commence to build and improve this place.

Wednesday May 17 [1893] I have this week bought an organ from Zina Cannon as she was moving to Idaho to keep Railroad house. I am to give her $55.00 when I can, and she also bought a lot in Helper, viz lot 9 in block 3, w. y., for which she paid me 1 horse, 1 saddle, and bridle, and 1 cow.

Yesterday there was a turn out of ten men on the Spring Glen Canal above Helper and the water was turned down the canal and weak places strengthened.

Sunday May 22 [1893] I attended meeting and Sunday school. In meeting I spoke of the feelings which have existed so long between myself and Millers and Wisemans, and which are now healed and gave as favorable a report of those boys as I could.

Thursday June 1 [1893] I named and blessed my little daughter Ester Jane.

Thursday June 8 [1893] Watered land at Helper; also attended singing practice in the evening.

Friday June 9 [1893] Last Monday I went to Salt Lake City, having got money enough to go and deliver Sarah and pay nearly all her debts; also sent David $52.87.

The money to do this with was obtained by selling Mr. Hage a piece of land, and I have no doubt that it was the Lord who caused this to happen because of my petitions and prayers.

I also made proper desert proof and had Sarah file a homestead on Section 35, Township 13 S.R.G.E. Brother Ewell went to Salt Lake with me and was witness on the desert proof.

This land [Sec. 35] makes me sure of having a place to utilize the Gordon Canal.

When I arrived home with my wife and children, I found my potato planting completed by Annie.

Annie is very averse to having Sarah live in Spring Glen and so makes me very sorrowful. Last October, in Salt Lake City, at Brother S. Russel’s house, I named and blessed little Isabelle Ruth (my daughter).

Paid $8.10 freight for Sarah’s furniture from Salt Lake and moved her into her home; had to borrow most of the money. In the evening Brother Fullmer visited
Thomas Haycock. We are visiting the whole ward. Brother Haycock thinks of being re-baptized. He has not been fairly treated by T. H. Jones.

Parley and me watered the oats and lucerne at Helper, and Nephi planted popcorn.

Tuesday June 13 [1893] Watered the potatoes at Helper, as they were so dry I feared they would not come up. My feelings were galled by the depredation of some stock, and I shall have to fence well or my crops will continue to be destroyed up there. My being here at Spring Glen makes it easy for animals and people to commit depredations. The canal broke, and the water cut down through my new lucerne field.

Dan Hoffener is willing to take the house and lot at Helper instead of Sarah's in Spring Glen. In the evening I went to a water meeting and voted to increase the capital stock at $15.00.

I am pondering upon and wondering what is to follow the orders from the first presidency in regard to this rousing up of the people to do right and dealing with those who fail to do so; a circular to that effect having reached us here, as elsewhere.

Parley is trying to get work at Castle Gate to assist us while I am making the ditch and canal and keeping up the work at home.

Last Sunday we visited Sister G. H. Jones and administered the ordinance for the sick. Brother Jones was taken to task by Sister Miller and others for the way he had preached and he has often criticized others for preaching something which he did not like. He is a very strange man whom I mistrust.

Thursday June 15 [1893] Just returned from the Beaver Canal. It is a great success, and carries water without any breaks right from the start, which has not been the case with any other ditch I have heard of in Castle Valley. Indeed, it has taken most companies 1 to 3 years to make the canal safe after turning water in them.

The accounts of the building of the Beaver ditch were kept by myself and showed an expenditure of the Oak Spring Bench of about $1500. I have expended about $600.00 of the amount.

I have determined to try to let my place and go up and work all summer upon the ditch.

Friday June 16 [1893] Myself and Parley worked at fencing the south line of the Helper land, setting a line of posts upon the slope of a mountain where it was rocky and steep, but we succeeded in setting a goodly number.

I have not succeeded in renting my land yet. I am in debt and being pressed by my creditors and it makes me most miserable, and I have been praying that the Lord would open my way out. I am frequently asked the reason for the close hard times and it is seldom that I hear a real true reason for them. My own view is that they are the result of our civilization and can only be remedied by revolution and the introduction of correct principles, such as the gospel enjoins.

Sunday June 18 [1893] Attended church and Sabbath school and held a testimony meeting at J. Bigelow's house at Helper at which I felt a very good degree of the spirit of the Lord.

Brother Herbert Savage being home after quite an absence, alluded in meeting to some of the reports which had been circulated about himself and wounded some

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* Haycock Lane in Spring Glen was named for him. He is buried in Haycock Cemetery.
* John Bigelow, the husband of Sarah Pratt's sister Mary Ewell, was the first postmaster in Spring Glen.
of the people's feelings. We are trying, as a bishopric, to forward the interests of the settlement, and we are at times sorely tried with each other.

Yesterday I made the acquaintance of a man at Helper who is watchman there and he surprised me with his liberal views and pleasantly impressed me and I hope to sell him a tract of land.

*Sunday June 25 [1893]* I went on Tuesday morning last to Beaver and joined the Beaver Canal Co. in repairing the ditch. By Saturday noon we had the work completed and the whole stream turned down into Gordon Creek.

Today I had to preside at Sabbath meeting, as the other brethren were away.

This evening the children were out upon the streets till very late playing and I feel disturbed at seeing the love of pleasure which seems to seize them. I only hope and pray the Lord to sustain us or we will all go to badness.

I have received word from the stake presidency to join other priesthood of the county on July 1st at Castle Dale and I hope we will get instructions there to guide us upon our way in the ward.

*Tuesday June 26 [sic] [1893]* Worked at fixing the fence at Helper, and looked for Dick, our horse, over the river. While over there, I discovered a fine quarry near Sarah's homestead.

In the evening we practiced singing for the 4th.

*Wednesday June 28 [1893]* This was a day of rest for me, the result of a fall from the mare, Doll. She threw me to the ground heavily yesterday morning, and I was so lame today that I stayed at home and tinkered up the washer and read a little. My worry is about our temporal situation. The whole people are distressed and unable to meet their debts, and the young people are running after dreams of pleasure and the gentiles are grasping and seizing all who can be led off, and people are asking what is the cause of the hard times, and at the same time any child ought to know that when a people cease to create and produce and buy everything from abroad, they can only end one way, and that is bankruptcy. I hope the Lord will shorten these evil days.

*Thursday June 29 [1893]* I worked on the fence on the south side of the Helper land, the smaller boys helping.

Parley started to work at the brick yard on Wednesday. Mr. Honer is the maker, and we expect soon to see plenty of homemade brick here. We get plenty of ice water from a spring which has broken out under the Railroad Company's ice house, while at work at Helper.

*Monday July 3 [1893]* I started on Saturday to Castle Dale to attend priesthood meeting, but on getting to Huntington, I learned that the meeting had already taken place, so I stopped in Huntington at Brother Hansen's and attended Sunday school and meeting and spoke from the stand.

I am between two chairs, as it were, this season. I lean towards the Beaver ditch and yet want to water and improve at Helper, and am not satisfied with my progress at either place.

On reaching home Sunday evening, I found my folk's well. Aunt Em Perkins was down and Dick, the horse, was in the corral. He had been away over a month, and I had hunted some little for him.

*Saturday July 8 [1893]* I returned yesterday from Beaver Canal whither I had been to make out some leases and get water upon some of my levees which are new, being away Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Owing to being away, the fast meeting and baptism were neglected.
Sunday July 9 [1893] I attended Sunday school and meeting at home. Spoke a short time in meeting. My prayers are upon the subject of our financial distress, for deliverance from our poverty and debts and also for my children that they may be preserved from the sins of this generation. R. Edwards came to Sarah’s from her father’s, where there was some disturbance. The land is all going to thievery and wickedness. May these days come to an end.

At noon, I attended to the baptizing of 5 persons, children in the ward, except Richard Keifer, who is a young man.

Tuesday July 11 [1893] Last evening the bishop’s court met to hear a charge of William Miller against H. J. Stowell regarding some lots bought of Babcock’s and decided that Brother Stowell was in the fault and gave him 60 days in which to correct his transaction.

Wednesday July 12 [1893] Yesterday I finished setting the posts around the desert entry of Helper.

George Taylor has helped me the last 2 days. I also prepared the Spring Glen Canal with openings for the floods which are now at hand. It rained and hailed yesterday.

Our hearts are sorely tried now over the society which our children are forced to keep and we canvas many schemes for saving them from bad society, and the final conclusion is always that being here, we must stay and make the best of our chances.

Thursday July 13 [1893] Last evening my brother, Abinadi, came to my house and surprised me. He is a strange man.

I was talking to Mr. Collar yesterday, relative to the purchase of the orchard and meadow; also Mr. Gooney spoke to me about leasing the land across the river.

I attended a school meeting at Helper and was appointed one of a committee of 5 to look after the location of a school lot in Spring Glen.

I was busy today in the forenoon, watering, and in the afternoon repairing the Spring Glen Canal after a flood. We are among most abominable neighbors here. We have Jane Babcock on one side, and Savages and Millers and Stowells and Haycocks and Thomsons and Ewells and Bellows, and really I am tormented at the thought of our situation. We sometimes think it would be better at Helper. We certainly could not be worse off then here.

The young people of the place seem to excel in hoodlimism and carry our children along.

Tuesday July 18 [1893] Last Sunday I donated a lot for the Spring Glen School.

The Helper schoolhouse is liable to be located up on Father Mead’s land. I just finished furrowing out the lucerne, having planted lucerne and turnips upon the corn patch, which had been eaten up by cattle.

I gave my children a severe lecturing about their deportment in Spring Glen with a view to warning them to shun the evil tendencies which are so prevalent.

Wrote to O. F. Crowley for balance due on lots 128–75.

Talked with Mrs. Hage and C. Thomas about selling them land.

Thursday Morning July 20 [1893] Annie went to Price yesterday and got 4 more bales of barb wire. I was watering and fencing at Helper. It was the hottest day of the season yesterday. Honners cattle annoyed me and I am anxious to complete the fence and make a canal.

Franklin Ewell was married to Kate Thompson, and Permitt Ewell, youngest brother of Sarah Pratt, to Ethel Savage. The mother of John Haycock, Sr., was a Bellow.
It being the 20 July, the school meeting was held at Fitch's and a decision passed to have the school house lot of Helper upon Brother Mead's land.\textsuperscript{32}

Brother Oliphant of Orangeville called this morning and took breakfast with us. We are in much distress on account of light money and have to live by faith.

Our circumstances are as follows: Living on dry lots in town, we have no feed for a cow or horse. We have little garden truck. Our crop at Helper a total failure through stock revages; and living upon the Price Trading Co., having mortgaged lots at Helper.

It is indeed a gloomy outlook; yet we never were as well off. We are well housed, the canal is ready to operate next season. I have great interest in property, water, and land, but can I hold out till the property becomes active? I have replanted the Helper land with lucerne and turnips and am watering now.

\textit{Tuesday July 25 [1893]} Spent the 24th yesterday in watering, counseling in the bishopric in regard to W. H. Thompson and other matters, was appointed to hold and keep account of the fast offering fund. Attended the public dance at the Hall in the evening.\textsuperscript{33}

William H. Thompson and his family, it seems, are greatly given to backbiting and spreading scandal, and he was severely chastized. They have caused me much grief in the past.

\textit{Wednesday July 26 [1893]} Mrs. Hage paid me $10.00 on lots 5 and 6 in place A 8, balance to be paid August 22.

Sarah Thompson asked to rent my house in Helper. I was getting water in the Spring Glen Canal most of the day. The floods had stopped it.

My lucerne and turnips are coming nicely.

I am making a little progress upon the organ which we bought of Mrs. Cannon and which I practice upon daily.

We had peas and beans today and bought two soup bones.

There are many hungry men tramping on the road.

\textit{Thursday July 27 [1893]} I talked yesterday with Mr. J. H. Crowley, who is an educated man of the world, and paid me $35.00 on account and promised to pay me $100.00 more in a few days. I talked of the gospel to him and gave him an outline of it in which he is quite interested. He has got me into the notion to plant one acre of strawberries.

Watered the ground for the strawberries and went among the neighbors to look for plants. Shall not be able to get enough around here.

I sent off money checks to various parties whom I am owing and sent cash to State Bank of Utah to cover.

\textit{Friday July 29 [1893]} Watered the ground selected for strawberries and it watered so beautifully. Also spoke to Mr. Folly, who peddles from Huntington and as it happens, Annie had already spoken to him and he has himself what we shall need to do our planting.

At noon I got the [Deseret] News and read of the suggestions of great masses of people, including the News to make local money of coin ingots and never mind the national movements, and thus become self-sustaining.

\textit{Sunday July 31 [1893]} Attended religious services as counselor and spoke at neighborhood meeting in the evening, at which many matters pertaining to the

\textsuperscript{32} Tom Fitch was the first president of the town of Helper.

\textsuperscript{33} Ewell Hall in Spring Glen, later the site of the old Clerico farm and presently the property of Bill Sherman.
welfare of the ward were discussed and considerable of a start made towards reforming the affairs of the ward. It is encouraging to see the spirit of union and wise counsel of the bishopric. Everybody is complaining of hunger and hard living.

**Wednesday August 2 [1893]** Yesterday I went to fix the ditch, which waters the orchard, and found that by a few simple repairs, it could be made so as to carry a large stream with no fear of trouble, so we set to work upon it with a will. We also whitewashed the Helper house for rent to Laura Thompson, who is now Mrs. Erickson. We think poorly of the management of Brother Ewell, who has suffered 6 years for want of a days labor upon the ditch, and spent many days in an improper way trying to get enough water, where a day spent in a permanent manner would get all and keep it in. Such management would break any man and bring him to insolvency.

**Sunday and Monday August 6–7 [1893]** Brother Herbert Savage and myself went to Huntington to conference and reported our ward. We had to report the case of H. J. Stowell to President Larsen. Brother Stowell is in much difficulty, the result of his business transactions while he was bishop. We had a splendid time, and were met by Brother Reynolds and Wells, who talked mostly upon the subject of saving and educating the rising generation, and this subject is very much talked of now.

**Tuesday August 8 [1893]** Planted strawberries 8 or 900 plants, the first of a proposed acre.

Mr. Siston asked Parley to come and work on the section for him as the men have quit on account of decrease in wages. We thought we better let him try it.

**Thursday August 10 [1893]** Yesterday we finished repairing the ditch to the old orchard and watered same. It has been dry since the railroad town of Helper came, but now the trees, being mostly alive, we will water and restore them. We shall have to fence it also.

I water the strawberries again and borrowed Lorenzo Ewell's furrow and furrowed the remaining ground with the roller. Annie went to Price and got 500 plants. We also hauled 2 1/2 bales of wire to the line of the proposed orchard fence.

The evening was spent by getting the children together and singing and teaching them the songs and principles of the Gospel. In endeavoring to get supper at 6:00 and have all ready for school at 7, I find it hard for the wives and children to break from all habits.

I have never been regular in my habits and now, for a few weeks have had my desk and papers and lately have commenced to systematize my hours more. It
seems a difficult thing for a farmer to be regular. I use the morning for my letters and diary and entering my accounts and the evening hours are to be devoted to the improvement of the children.

**Monday August 14 [1893]** I spent Friday and Saturday at planting strawberries and fencing the orchard. We found quite a lot new mine ties on the island, which we carried to the line of the fence for posts.

Sunday I attended Sabbath school and meeting and in the evening a priesthood meeting at which there were 12 persons present and we entered seriously into a discussion of our situation. Brother Miller and Rowley agreed to act as teachers. Permit Ewell was ordained to the priesthood of a deacon.

**Wednesday August 16 [1893]** Went to Price for plants and was reminded of the fact that an appointment for a women’s meeting should have been out at Spring Glen and as Brother Mead had already gone with the visiting sisters, I hurried to Brother Cox’s house, filled my sack with plants, and came home in time to straighten the house and attend meeting with the sisters, held religion class in the evening with the children. Richard Keifer came and engaged the hall for a wedding dance. He is to marry Mrs. Morgan, a widow. He is a young man who lately joined the church here.

**Thursday August 17 [1893]** Planted some more vines and had to go to the head of the ditch and take out a lot of dirt and rock which someone had maliciously thrown in, and later the watchman asked me if I had put it in, so it was not the Railroad Company.

In the evening, we had a school religion class, and after all the children had promised not to stay at Keefer’s wedding dance later than 12:00, we let out.

**Wednesday August 23 [1893]** The days pass so rapidly that I can scarcely keep pace with them. Last Sunday, I attended service at Spring Glen and meeting and quorum at night. All three of us being at home, Brother Fullmer regrets having gone off to work the past season instead of staying at home as I counseled him.

On Sunday afternoon, a call for a missionary from Spring Glen was read. Spring Glen ward being called to furnish a missionary to attend Y.M.M.I.A. at Provo for 20 weeks, and in spite of the close times the vote and call was almost unanimous and William Ewell was sustained to fill the call.

It was thought by the saints that we better donate liberally and trust the Lord for the future and it was like a test of the people’s faith. I felt to greatly rejoice to see the willing response.

Today we completed the wire fence on the east side of the orchard. Yesterday there was a flood in the river. It did our ditch much good.

This evening we had religion class as usual. The hardest part of our work is to get ready in time.

**Thursday August 24 [1893]** Went to Price on account of the funeral of A. Simmons’ child yesterday and attended funeral today.

Also went to the head of the ditch and finding the water shut off, I took out the dam so that the company will have to clean the ditch or put in a good dam or they can’t get water. I also brought up from Price a sack of strawberry plants and propose to plant all our spare ground with them on these Spring Glen lots.

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34 Pratt was living alone in Spring Glen.
35 William Ewell was another brother of Sarah Pratt.
Sunday August 27 [1893] I attended regular services fore and afternoon and will relate a circumstance which occurred the past week. We of the bishopric had desired much that we might not have to leave home to earn our livelihood and had earnestly besought the Lord to relieve us especially Brother Savage, who is in straightened circumstances, and during the week he received an invitation to work near here on L. M. Olsen's coal claim; we took as an answer to our prayers. Oh, these days of trouble which are upon us. I feel as I were walking on a thin crust of ice with nought but faith to sustain me. May heaven grant us speedy relief. The nation seems tottering, and about to crumble and fall.

Wednesday September 6 [1893] We have now planted near an acre of strawberries and fenced the orchard. The land east of the Railroad yard is quite free from damage by stock. I learn from Mr. Paradice that the expected large canal will head near my orchard ditch.

My little daughter, Bell, has been very sick with summer complaint and was restored by the blessing of the Lord.

We are holding evening school for lecturing my family on the important things of life, and we also practice singing. I am progressing slowly on the organ.

I am several hundred dollars in debt and worry about how I shall come out.

Monday September 11 [1893] I worked 1 day for John Rowley at felling [for] a charcoal kiln.36 Myself and Parley earned $3.25. I went and saw Charley Taylor and he said he would continue to trust me with goods till I can make my ditch, so I am going to start that right away.

Friday September 14 [1893] I have planted Sarah's strawberries for the past week, besides attending others work on the farm.

Sister Perkins is down from Oak Spring.

Frost is killing my vines.

October 30 [1893] I arose at 4:30 this morning to try and catch up with this record.

I have made a very successful effort on the Beaver Canal in the last 6 weeks, having spent my time mostly there and having during the time bought R. B. Martin out on the Oak Spring.

We made the section of ditch connecting the foot of Oak Spring Bench with levees, and also 50 rods of heavy pick and shovel work below, and now feel that it is in splendid prospects for the coming season and that we can run water through the entire length of the ditch next June when the flush of water comes.

We have also dug 100 bushels of potatoes at Helper, moved the logs for the house at Oak Spring Bench, dug 75 bushels of turnips, gathered corn from 3 acres up the Gordon Creek, killed 1 beef cow, which came so kindly home from the range, watered the lands at Helper, hauled some materials for Sarah's homestead cabin, attended priesthood meeting at Castle Dale, sold some lots at Helper and all of which has kept me very busy and this week I am trying to get all the posts for the homestead cabin and other material and also haul up some wood while the weather is good.

1894

February 8 [1894] Three months since I last made an entry. The time slips by so rapidly that I failed to realize its flight till I looked into my book.

36 Rowley owned charcoal kilns at Spring Glen.
I have learned this fact: that to have plenty of leisure does not insure the prompt performance of one's duties, as I have had a good rest through December and January and yet have not attended my diary as well as when I am more busy. In fact, a great lethargy seized me in December and I have done but little except attend to ward duties as counsellor till this week and now I feel full of ambition and have grubbed brush at Helper for 2 days.

I attended conference at Castle Dale in November [1893] with Brother Fullmer and stayed over night with Brother Oliphant.

During the wintry weather my children have been at school. Elizabeth being in Salt Lake City, where kind friends named Short have kept her while she studies at school.

Last Sunday I was notified of quarantine for 2 weeks in consequence of a mild form of diptheria at Wm. Ewells to which I had been exposed through administering.

We have gone to Price Trading Co. for our family supplies this winter and yet have not been comfortably clad, sheltered, and fed and I am mortgaging Helper lots to pay the bills. I have also gone into the fight somewhat to get the county seat of a proposed new county, at Helper.

I have served the Spring Glen ward as deacon till last week. I was released, owing to the press of other duties, chorister for the Sunday school and young mens' and acted for all our public gatherings.

December 12 [1894] 10 months since I wrote in this journal, and they have been the busiest months of my life.

Last January I started out to work on the Beaver Canal and encountered some very severe blizzards, some of the worst I ever experienced, by my work was in the main gulches which the canal crosses, and some days I spent in my shirt sleeves and never was more content or happy than while laboring upon this work.

Brother Fullmer, bishop of Spring Glen ward, was with me some of the time, and we located the Lone Pine Ranch, which is a very beautiful little valley which is crossed by the canal, a sagebrush mess of black loam. We think we can raise good crops of dry wheat there. We started a cabin upon it of nut pine logs and he is to use his right to secure me on part of the land, the dividing mark being a large lone pine tree which stands in the central part of the valley and the line runs east and west from this tree.

I have been so ill located that I have not found it convenient to write much, as we have had very scant room in our house the past season.

On November 22, 1894 at 1 p.m. Sarah gave birth to my 18th child, Irving Benjamin at Spring Glen, Utah.

In March I had C. H. Cook's two teams and boys on the parts which can be plowed and scraped at Lone Pine Ranch [Gordon Creek].

In April, I had to decide whether to proceed at Helper or at Gorden Creek, having plenty of land at both places, and it was quite a question which to move to, but as Sarah had her land and place and Annie the other, I decided to take the Helper ranch first and it was also fenced but not, I thought, such good soil. Having moved to Helper, we lived in my log house for a time, but being too far from our garden, we rented a tent and started another house, lived in the tent one month, then moved into the one room of the new house, which was roofed. We had Brother J. K. Ingles living with us and working on the house. I let him some land and also J. Z. Bigelow, free.

This house was on the east side of Helper near the Pratt Memorial.
Having no team, I employed C. H. Cook, and others who were owing me, and planted and grubbed some new lands and in June, 1894, I purchased a pair of large mares from Price Trading Co. giving note and mortgage. During the summer, we have made a good sized reservoir, built the two rooms we live in with a rocked cellar under one of them, dug 3 others, and kept out of debt nearly, also planted an acre of strawberries, upon which I scattered leaf mold, which is very plentiful under the cedars and pines. Our crops did not do very well, and we entered the winter quite destitute, having but little feed for the stock and ourselves.

We shelter our stock in a large cellar open at one end.

November 22 [1894] Sarah gave birth to my 18th child, Irving Benjamin.

The children started to Miss Parrott to school about December 3, 1894.

December 13 [1894] I am trying to run water through the canal, and today I transferred Brig. Hamilton's stock in the Beaver Canal to Frank Warren. Our crops the past summer were not good and we are not well supplied with the necessaries, but it was owing to the newness of the soil, and the extra labor of building, which should be given the crop.

My taxes for 1894, were $35.40, which I have hard work to pay, besides advertising $1.00, and I was forced to sell some property.

I was a little behind with my tithing, and went and paid it up, taking this means of raising the tax. Bishop Fullmer thinks I should have been more uneasy, but I have felt wholly to trust the Lord in the matter.

Sunday evening went to Price and stayed over night with Father Mead and Monday, December 17, we called upon the collector, D. W. Holdaway and had him put off our sale till after pay day, which he kindly did.

Monday evening December 17 [1894] Went to attend bishop's court at 6:00 sharp, as per appointment, and after waiting for 1½ hours and nobody coming at half past 7:00, I came home and the bishop soon came to hunt me and was much disturbed at my course. I told him I was so constituted that waiting at an appointment was a physical and mental torture, which I was very averse to enduring. He spoke of getting another counsellor, and made me think much during the night of resigning as I freely own that I have not the interest of Spring Glen at heart and consider it my consequent duty to resign. I have intended all along to do this as soon as the opportunity seemed ripe.

Brother Fullmer is a man I love and respect very highly, and last night after coming to my house and not finding me, he came down the track looking for me. The night was very dark and upon meeting me and knowing me, while I did not know him, he seized my horse by the halter and pretended to be beligerant. Thinking him to be a highwayman, I being wholly alarmed, sprang from my horse and attacked him. He then made as if to draw a weapon, and so I left him my horse and took a hasty retreat to safe quarters. When he spoke, I recognized him. It was one of the greatest alarms of my life, and I talked to him of the folly and danger of such a course, which he admitted.

Wednesday December 19 [1894] Sat in bishop's court all day and till late at night trying to settle difficulty between J. K. Ingle and J. L. Rowley, who is drift-

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A tax sale.
ing to apostasy. We have not yet succeeded. Brother C. H. Cook and I had a plain
talk about our differences, and it seems that Brother Fullmer must have told Brother
Cook, his half brother, of my private views, but we are well reconciled now.

There are many sick with fevers. We are just getting comfortably fixed in our
house and surroundings. There is lots of snow the last 3 weeks. Old Bug, (cow)
came in last Thursday.

December 30 [1894] Since the cold weather, I have been very dull and sleepy,
and have done very little work, have built a scaffold for butchering, mounted the
grind stone, attended chores, got wood for the family fires, and have many ward
affairs to attend to.

1895

January [1895] Attended meetings and reorganized the deacons. They seem
to be in a fair way to succeed, the first time in the history of the ward, former
organizations have not been prosperous. The Spring Glen Canal is threatened with
litigation. It is all torn up and is disorganized, is in fact in a very bad fix. Fullmer
is striving to diligently straighten it out.

January 7 [1895] Wrote to lawyer maybe to get legal advice about the ditch.
Signed by William Miller, C. H. Cook, and myself.

Received pay for my cow, Bug, from Mr. Beardley; $30.00. Killed the cow,
Spot, for beef the day before Sunday last. Am going to try butchering and selling
meat for a little season. Moved Mrs. Parsons from my house, wrote in my journal,
and posted my books, and straightened up my desk and papers which have accu-
mulated considerably. Practiced an hour on the organ, which is now here, having
been at Kiems while waiting for our house room.

I sold Kiem a piece of land joining what he previously had to raise money
for my taxes, $46.00. Paid $5.00 tithing. This was in the latter part of last month.
My taxes for 1894 were $36.40. Bishop Fullmer returned the $5.00 tithing, saying
I did not owe it.

Saturday January [1895] Went to mill in Huntington, buying wheat of Bishop
Overson at 85 cents per cwt. The Huntington roller mill charging 15¢ per bushel
for grinding graham. While at Huntington, I visited several families in the interest
of colonization. There are several good and desirable families without homes who
think of coming to look at my prospects at Prattvale, west of Spring Glen, among
them being Lenards and the relations of that family.

I spent the time pleasantly till Tuesday, the 15 and arrived at Spring Glen
in time at attend Y.M.M.I.A. meeting.

Monday January [1895] During the past week I have been to Price and
rearranged my debt to Price Trading Co. We found that they held notes secured
by mortgage against us to the amount of 1800 dollars and upwards, most of which
was contracted by building the Beaver Canal. Our real estate being down so low,
I was much alarmed, especially when I found that all Annie's land was liable on
the debt, she having signed the notes. The mortgage is now bearing 10% per year,
and matures in 6 months, and I have made a resolve to seek divine aid to square
me with the world.
On Saturday it snowed much, and I moved my room from Spring Glen part way to Helper.\(^4\) The snow is now over 1 foot deep on the level.

Yesterday I attended Sabbath school. The bishopric is anxious over the coming election of Spring Glen Canal officers. Cook is trying to get Southworth's stock to vote so we can wrench the government from the old crowd.

**Tuesday January 22 [1895]** It was the annual election of Spring Glen Canal. The people tried hard to vote Fitch, Stowell and Co. out of office, but they voted Southworth's stock and beat the others; this raised such feeling that Frank Ewell struck M. Fitch under the eye and almost paralyzed him. After this they, Fitch and Co., nominated the other officers. I left the meeting and wrote a letter to Mr. Southworth to find if he really authorized them, and after I left the meeting, I learned that I was elected one of the board. I know not whether I qualify or not.

N. M. Peck moved my room from Spring Glen to Helper.

I am seeking to start Sabbath school here in Helper. My daughters Mary and Elizabeth, have worked out this winter some little, and Mary is now at the hotel.\(^4\) This is their first experience in that way.

**Friday February 1 [1895]** During the past week I have hardly done more than chore. Went with Ewell's to their coal mine\(^4\) and encouraged them to open the road. Their is plenty of snow this season. It now lays 13 inches on the level. Yesterday I went to Castle Gate and got 2 little pigs from Mr. Cox. The first pigs we have tried to keep for years. We burn so much wood that it keeps us going to keep wood enough.

**Thursday February 7 [1895]** Today was fast day and it was observed in a way that was never witnessed in the ward before. There was a houseful, most of whom came fasting, and the main feature was the offering of prayer for the afflicted, and sick and such an outpouring of spirit as is seldom seen took place. I attended conference at Castle Dale on the 3rd and 4th. We had Apostle [Francis M.] Lyman with us and he taught us abundantly the good things of Zion and duties of the saints. Brothers Fullmer, Ewell, Bigelow, and others went and the stake was very fully represented. There is a great reformation all over Zion, and the people are keeping the word of wisdom and laws of God as ever before. We were taught how to properly observe the fast day, how to pray, how to act as secret sinners, how to get oil in our lamps, how to teach, and very many other things.

**Friday February 8 [1895]** Went to Price and got some oats at $1.25. Am out of feed and shall turn out and feed grain. The Helper valley is now dry and almost bare.

**Thursday February 12 [1895]** Last Sunday have been to meeting and Sunday school. Yesterday stayed home and wrote considerable.

Ester Jane is sick with scarlet fever, the first case of severe sickness which has been in our family in 14 years.

The weather is very severe again and outdoors work is about suspended. Ether is ailing with a lame back. He has been an invalid for 11 years, and yet has never felt pain in his back till now. His disease is in the spine.

My daughter Ester Jane died suddenly at 10 o'clock this evening of scarlet fever.\(^4\) She was aged 20 months and some days. We held the funeral services in our large room, were very kindly assisted by the people of the ward in this trouble.

\(^{4}\) This was the one-room Spring Glen house where Pratt lived alone.

\(^{4}\) Probably the railroad hotel in Helper.

\(^{4}\) Storrs Mine in Spring Canyon.

\(^{4}\) Annie's child, born May 2, 1893, and Teancum's seventeenth offspring.
Thursday February 14 [1895] We buried her in sight of our south window on a sloping hill, on our own land, and under the canal, where there is room for a cemetery.

I attended rehearsal for a play tonight, my daughter Elizabeth, being in it.

We have been talking up the coal business of late in the ward. We are subject to heavy extortion by Railroad Co., and so learning that the Sow Belly Canon was vacant, I lost no time, but took my last money and sent Brothers J. Y. Bigelow and W. W. Ewell in to file on some claims.

Friday February 15 [1895] I am very stupid and tired all the time, and the weather is so ugly that I do but little except to keep fires and keep warm.

We draw our wood from the hillside on a sledge, and go where we could not with a wagon.

Sister Mead is kindly staying with us during our sickness and mourning.

Wednesday February 27 [1895] The spring has broken early, and especially in the Helper valley. I commenced plowing on the 25th, and our bees are flying out. We feed a little oats and the stock have to rustle for roughness.

Yesterday Sister Hayhock was taken very ill, and Brother Fullmer and myself went and administered to her; also my son Parley, was healed by the ordinance last Sunday, being prostrate with a burning fever.

There are many cases of sickness around.

My mare, Mand, is lame in the left front leg.

Monday March 4 [1895] During the past week I have hauled some mold from the cedar and pine trees and spread over over our garden spot. Yesterday we drove down to the Glens to meeting and Sunday school and Nephi fell and threw his left arm out at the elbow. I easily pulled it into place and bound it up. The nights are very cold and freeze solid, but by afternoon, we can plow. I got some few seeds from J. H. Harvath. We have water in our reservoir from the snow. That reservoir promises to be a great blessing to us.

Monday March 11 [1895] Rose very early on purpose to write up my accounts and diary.

The big canal is now dry enough to be cleaned and it will likely be done about a week from now. During the past week I have had to administer to the sick more than usual. Sarah's family has been sick. We thought Mosiah had diphtheria and prayed for them all in fast meeting. They seem better mostly now. We are plowing our gardens and fields, all my children are leaving school. We are living on meager diet: brown bread, sugar, a little milk, vegetables, and just what comes to hand.

Yesterday we drove down to Spring Glen and meeting, taking mince pie for lunch, and staying till dark. In the evening, I sat in court (bishops) and heard the difficulty between William Miller and William H. Babcock.

Tuesday March 12 [1895] Plowed on the stony land in the middle field, breaking it up for the first time.

Last night was spent at Brother Fullmer's, whose wife was confined. We have a battle on now between the doctors and [non] doctors. Many women and families think they must have a doctor, and others get the assistance of the midwife and priesthood.

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44 This was at the site of the present Teancum Pratt Memorial.
45 Where the town of Spring Canyon was located.
I see that there is a great need of being in strict harmony and communion
with the ward authorities if people would be blessed in time of need and if all is
right with a man and his house. The blessing of heaven is not difficult to bring down
upon him; but otherwise, it seems as if the heavens are shut and nothing can be had
in a man’s favor.


Thursday March 14 [1895] Hauled a load of potatoes to Castle Gate for
William Powell.

On March 29, 1895, my son Samuel, aged 6 years died.

The weather has been very cold by spells, and on the days of conference, April
4, 5, and 6th, it was very excessively cold and windy. We have just been working on
the canal and 10 men and some teams have been 3 days and have made an excellent
ditch down to here. I was elected time keeper, and we are all in a jangle with the
ditch company.

My little daughter, Belle, is sick with fever and sore throat, and my family have
never been so sick before as the last few weeks.

Friday April 12 [1895] The spring is early, hills covered with flowers, early ones,
and the horses and cows do very well out on the grass. I have planted 18 apple trees,
30 imported peach trees, and many gooseberries, and currants to supplement the
strawberry interest. Yesterday I have just watered my strawberries the first time and
had to use sharp practice to get much water, owing to the operations of the Western,
who are preparing to finally get out of our canal. They are planting many poplar
shade trees and beautifying their place.

Tuesday May [1895] We are just in the middle of potato planting, and in spite
of the fact that our plowing was mostly done last night fall, we are having very hard
work to get everything planted in due season.

Helper is a baseball center. The towns above and below come here to play match
games on Sundays. and my children are in some danger of breaking the Sabbath.

Yesterday was Monday and we went to primary at Spring Glen. We are harassed
much with debt and are hoping to be able to sell some land soon.

August 6 [1895] Annie gave birth to my 19th child, Ammon Houston Pratt,
at Helper.

1899

Helper Sunday April 16 [1899] Four years ago I began a road into Scrabble
Canon for the purpose of opening a coal mine. J. Bigelow and Wm. Ewell, my
brothers in law, were interested in it and almost as a natural sequence, Frank and
L. H. Ewell became partners. We proceeded with our work until we had a road made,
our main purpose being to get coal for our own fires, but to our surprise the Castle
Gate mine had never tried to interrupt our trade at Helper, and we have done very
well at selling coal.

Bro. Bigelow and Wm. Ewell have not been at all active and have not asserted
any right to the mine, but Frank and L. H. Ewell had an interest and kept up oper­
ations till the summer of 1897, when I bought L. H. Ewell for $50.00. Frank con-

Sarah’s son and Teancum’s fourteenth child, Samuel died of bronchitis and was buried
at the site of the Teancum Pratt Memorial.

Scrabble Canyon Mine, formerly owned by the Diamanti family and presently owned by
Price River Coal Company.
tinued through the following winter when I got his interest for $20.00. I had meantime constructed good road and provided tools and in fact was the factor in the property. During the winter of 1897-1898, I made a good living with the mine, though Frank was greatly in my way. He being very poor, I dug for him and he got quite a share of the trade. Sarah gave birth to my 20th child, Beryl Patience, on June 12, 1897.48

I had hay to last till nearly March and then made the horses tough it out. I thus managed to buy a new wagon and pay considerable on my debts.

In the spring of 1898, the Railroad Company commenced building homes at Helper and being sole owner of the mine, I went and asked Mr. Welby if I could supply the company houses. He replied, "That's all right, go ahead." So I had a great run of coal business, and on the strength of it sent my children to Provo Academy and one daughter Helen Grace for the whole school year. I had hay enough to last till March again. The crop was short owing to the lack of water. The canal contained water in 1899 till Jan 1st, the latest it was ever in, and prospect for present year is very flattering.

I went to Provo to visit my family there twice.

Annie is ailing and weak for the last month. Grace is a very sweet singer and accompanies with organ, and the evenings are often enlivened by our concerts. Altogether, I will say that I never was as happy and free from care as during this summer. We have very few flies here, no mosquitoes or other evening or night pests and mine work is pleasant and light, so we accomplish much improvement work at home.

Monday, September 4 [1899] During the past two weeks, I have attended two funerals, the first was Dewey Thompson and the last H. C. Thompson. He is my wife Annie's sister's Husband, and has never been the friend I would have liked, but tried latterly to do about right. They were father and son, and were buried in Price, which took us there twice. Old Sister Mead is surrounded with widowed daughters.

I have succeeded very well with my road work lately, and have a good road for my coal job.

We are fasting and praying now for means to attend academy in Castle Dale. I have been very busy this summer making good road to the mine and improving a ranch which lays in the canon leading mine and which I bought of Harry Miller.49 There is at the upper end a living, spring and fine reservoir site, and I have the ditch well under way.

We moved here in a hut which Mr. Miller had made in the first days of June (1899) and repainted the old fence and have a garden, some lucerne seed, etc.

Owing to the spirit of fault finding and rebellion in my family, I made over the Helper lands to Sarah and we are living apart. Her people and others in the ward are waging a bitter opposition against me and I am glad to come to this peaceful and pleasant retreat.

Sarah gave birth to my 21st child, Aurelia Hope, on June 6, 1899.

We just tried to borrow 15 dollars off Mead, but could not. We want to buy some furniture to go to Castle Dale with. (off Mr. Dynch)

Tuesday, September 5 [1899] We have made part of a ditch this summer to lead our spring into the reservoir site, and today we worked on the ditch. We just

48 At the time of publication, Beryl Patience Pratt Ireland, a California resident, is the only living child of Teancum Pratt.

49 See Carbon County map.
finished the side bank work and are now to make the cut across a flat 200 ft long and 4 feet deep.

Tuesday, September 5 [1899] Ether went to hunt the pony on a stray mare. She got away from him at Gravel Springs and he could only make a fire and camp. We grew alarmed about him and about 10 o’clock the horses came home and we fed them grain and Joe and Grace took them and went and found him getting home about 1 or 2 o’clock.

Wednesday September 6 [1899] Hauled coal to Price, to Hoffman on debt $4.50, traded horses with Mr. Brinkerhoof of Huntington, Sarah went to Price to record her deed and had her team killed by trains on the way. Annie visited the sick in Spring Glen. I camped in Spring Glen with my coal on my way to Price and the bishopric and teachers were laboring till a late hour to pacify Mr. H. Savage.

Brother Fullmer informed me that his resignation has been accepted by the stake authorities, this will release me from my position as 2nd counselor.

Thursday, September 7 [1899] We have worked on our spring ditch today and a large rock was overcome very easily by a blast of 4 sticks of powder, also we found by careful survey that the work will be very light and we shall save several days labor.

Friday, September 8 [1899] Worked on spring ditch.

Saturday, September 9 [1899] Hauled coal to Mr. M. W. Conners, paid $3.00. We improved the road a little each trip. Made the bridge no. 2 near our field.

Sunday, September 10 [1899] Went to Sunday school and sacrament meeting. Bro. Allen Cox from Castle Gate was at meeting as home missionary. I spoke afterwards, emphasizing the law of tithing and consecration of surplus, stating that I myself have land and water sufficient for 12 families, and it was on hand, also that the people of the ward who are large land holders should do likewise. We had a goodly portion of the Holy Spirit of the Lord.

Monday, September 11 [1899] Hauled coal to hut, working road made us late, loaded heavy.

Tuesday, September 12 [1899] Hauled coal to Reid’s $2.00 and Glazer $2.00. Took up Glazers in merchandise. Went to mine and got another load and got in early. The boys, Ether, Joe, and Thoni camping at mine and had load nicely dug.

Wednesday, September 13 [1899] Coal hauling good, hauled $5.00 worth per day. Learned of Sarah’s deed being wrong and agreed with Mr. Hoffman to make a new one. My trips are very easy owing to the boys staying at the mine.

Thursday, September 14 [1899] Hauled coal to Mrs. Cummings for a fine rocking chair and to Mrs. Lemmion on a heater which is now paid for. She had bought an order for Mr. Lynch. Weather which has been very hot has moderated. John Bryner came up my road and got logs today, which was very cheeky. I asked the boys if they were lonesome. They replied no and stayed over another night.

Friday, September 15 [1899] Being up to our orders, we sent Ether up with team, and I stayed home and worked on ditch. Boys got home with coal at 2:30. Weather very chilly and threatening. Our tomatoes are ripening very nicely, the result of praying.

Saturday, September 16 [1899] I was taken very sick in the night through eating apples, and fasted all day and was nearly well by night. Annie is getting stronger.

* John was a brother of Jim and Enoch Bryner of Helper.
She is probably at the change at this time, and it is very fortunate for us that we are so situated that our cares are now very light and we can rest and recover our strength after so many years of wearing toil. We are uncertain at present whether to go to Castle Dale or Salt Lake City to school, and are fasting this morning for divine guidance. Our children are in very dangerous society here at Helper and Spring Glen. Yesterday in Sabbath meeting Bishop Fullmer was released and Brother Thomas Rhoades sustained as P. E. of the ward. I am thus released and Prest. Miller thanked me for my service and exonerated me from further duty at that ward.

**Saturday September 16 [1899]** While I was sick, the boys were at work upon the spring ditch.

**Tuesday September 19 [1899]** We have made very satisfactory progress upon our ditch and run the water through the first section today as far as the head of big cut and almost through it. Ether took Ma down to Helper this evening. She will stay at Mary’s and sew tomorrow at Sarah’s.

We have decided to go to Salt Lake to school. We think the district schools and the mutuals will be best for the children.

**Wednesday September 20 [1899]** Today we carried the water as far as the big cut and headed on down to the reservoir and we find everything so very satisfactory and it seems as if special providence had prearranged the ground and route, although at first sight it appeared a formidable undertaking. Last thing this evening when twilight had fallen, we had a concert, singing from gospel hymns. Grace is so adept at the organ and our voices blend so well.

**Thursday September 21 [1899]** Payday we all worked on spring ditch and it is very pleasant and gratifying to see how it went. Went to Helper in the evening. Took supper at my daughter’s.

**Friday September 22 [1899]** Took the boys to the mine, as we have a small rush on coal.

**Saturday September 23 [1889]** Joe had to ride to Gordon Creek for fuse before we could shoot down coal. We went to Gravel Spring for pony. I am earnestly seeking for moral strength these days.

**Sunday September 24 [1899]** Did not attend services. Felt it to be impossible to go to Spring Glen at present to worship.

**Monday September 25 [1899]** Went to mine and having to dig my load and square the right hand corner, I was a trifle late. We found ourselves without sugar or meat and the boys must live on bread, potatoes, and butter till tomorrow. I delivered the last shovel of coal just at dark to Griffins and Smith. Annie stays at Mary’s tonight. I bought cheese 40¢, butter 25¢, grapes 10¢. Paid Grace $1.50 yesterday. Her Ma got her a dress. Annie went to Sarah’s and asked her for her smallest children, but she refused. She gave her a great lecture upon duty and emphasized the necessity of her holding sacred my character. Sarah is to get $60.00 in a few days for her horses which were killed. Annie made her a standing offer to take one or both of her youngest children any time. Also, she promised to give her the deed soon, and Sarah stated that that was all she desired of us.

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81 The new presiding elder of the ward, Thomas Rhoades, was a brother of Caleb Rhoades. Tom bought out Jens Hansen in northwest Helper where the Carrea, Borla, Lange, Sillitoe, and Limone farms were located.

82 Mary Pratt, wife of Ed Little, lived in Helper.

83 Sarah’s two youngest children were Beryl, age two, and Aurelia, age one.
Tuesday September 26 [1899] We hauled coal to the Arab’s house, $1.70. Weather excessively hot. We paid Vannatti for lease ending and up to September 30, 1900. We gave Aunt Em some coal as we were passing. Brought Annie up in evening. Bought rice 75c, sugar $1.00.

Wednesday September 27 [1899] We today got the water over the 2nd bridge. It all works so nicely and is very satisfactory. Joe worked the first work on the reservoir in afternoon and went after the News in evening. Received letter from S. F. Myers about Gordon Creek land.

Thursday September 28 [1899] Answered Mr. Myers' letter stating that I would take $700.00 for the Gordon Creek Ranch which included Brother Fullmer's place. Also wrote to Pres. R. G. Miller stating that we desired to go to Conference and my family was prepared for special blessings.

Went to Helper and collected enough to pay tithing.

I went to Brother Thomas Rhoades and paid over the tiths and offerings and bought melons and tomatoes and came and feasted and rejoiced at the completion of Spring Ditch through the difficult sections and the forward state of the reservoir; also felt of the coal situation and discovered that I can commence operating the mine in earnest now.

Friday September 29 [1899] Went for coal for Roony’s residence $5.00. Had to dig it mostly as the boys are not competent yet. Bought bacon 50c.

Saturday September 30 [1899] Coal to No. 13, $2.50, and to Owens $2.50. Dug it and all came down. Annie went with me and in burning rubbish, set the cabin afire, but we succeeded in putting it out without much damage. The county is dried up.

Sunday October 1 [1899] Rested at home all day. Went to Helper in evening. We had fasted and prayed it being fast day, and we asked the Lord to speedily deliver us from this unholy land of gentiles and apostates, and in the evening, at Helper, Mr. John Edwards spoke to me about trading me a home and farm in and near Salt Lake City for my possessions.

Monday October 2 [1899] Received call to the temple with my family. We all worked on ditch and reservoir. I went to Helper in afternoon and rustled orders to help us prepare for conference. I received all I can fill. Weather is now turned quite cool; run in debt for hat, shoes, etc. $6.05 at Glazer; to be paid November pay day, also to Litizetti $8.00.

Tuesday October 3 [1899] Coal to baker $4.50, 1 1/2 ton. Joe Vasher came to see me about the Gordon Creek land in the morning and appointed Thursday, 5th to meet again at Helper. Joe and Thoni stay at mine.

Bought tomatoes of Brother Rhoades to be paid in coal at mine 60c. Received oats from Price Trading Co. $2.80 and also $2.52 for last week.

Wednesday October 4 [1899] Coal to Reid’s $2.50. They paid $2.00

Thursday October 5 [1899] Coal to barber $3.00. Got haircut 50c.

Went to conference in evening with Annie and Ammon. Stayed at Albany $1.00.

Thursday October 12 [1899] I arrived home from conference and found the boys had made the above record, which I consider exceeding creditable.

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The reference is to Judge Ed Sheya's father of Lebanese descent who had property north of the Pratt Memorial.

Clifford VanNatta's father.
I enjoyed the trip to conference exceedingly. Annie and Sarah were both there and we received our blessings in the house of the Lord as will cheer our hearts through all the journey of life. We spent but vey little money, having fallen among friends who took excellent care of us. Mathoni and Sister Russell were very kind.

Annie stays in Salt Lake with a view of doing temple work. We will have the children go in as circumstances will permit.

Thursday October 19 [1899] Joe went to Spring Glen after the team which left us. I spent the day fixing wagon, harness, and props being a little indisposed.

Saturday October 21 [1899] My team is a fraud and is not what Mr. Tryon represented it to be.

Sunday October 22 [1899] Pay day. Went and stayed over night Saturday night at Brother Fullmer's in order to post the ward records. Worked at that today. Brother Fullmer assisting.

Sunday October 22 [1899] Had excellent prosperity the past week, having delivered 10½ tons of coal with my team and 1 ton for William Eldredge.

My business is now swelled beyond my capacity and I am hiring Brother Eldridge to run the coal team. He is to haul at $4.00 per trip, a train consisting of my team and wagon and his.

Today I was assisting him to fit up, but at noon I felt admonished to quit and observe the Sabbath and repent and pray for forgiveness.

I tendered my resignation as chorister in Spring Glen Sunday school today, and it was accepted with thanks in sacrament meet.

Yesterday I paid and took up my note to Con. Imp. Co. which had been due for years. I paid int. in full.

Friday November 10 [1899] During past week I have hauled $37.00 of coal, paid $17.00 debts, $2.50 donations. Stayed overnight with Sister Eldredge who was severely scalded, visited Sister Perkins, who is sick, went to Castle Gate for ammunition.

Discovered how to use a bar for prying off coal, and how to make effectual crank for machine; also how to undermine. It seems like fun, almost.

Tuesday December 4 [1899] We have had the most delightful fall. The ground was first wet with plentiful fall rains, and then such warm and splendid weather. I interpret this as a blessing to the people for their response in paying tithing.

My greatest comfort these times is in keeping Annie at work in the temple.

We are having good prosperity, but encounter some little opposition in our coal trade from people who are willing to haul very cheap and by people who hate me for the gospels sake.

We are not very good church attenders these days, it being so far, and us being so unkempt, but we have the church publications and keep informed of the movements of men and nations.

November 3 [1900] The above was the last entry Teancum Pratt made. He was killed by coal falling on him while working in the mine at Winter Quarters, Utah on September 8, 1900. [This explanatory note written by Teancum Pratt's son, Joseph.]

The following two entries, made by Teancum Pratt after the December 4, 1899, entry above, were located on another page of the diary.
and were probably not noticed by his son Joseph prior to his November 3 insertion.

December 20 [1899] Annie and the baby Ammon came to the mine from Salt Lake City and stayed at the mine awhile, and on the 22nd, Ammon got his leg badly burned by falling in the fireplace. On the last day of December, Annie went back to Salt Lake to work in the temple and Aunt Emily came to live with her awhile to see if it would improve her health and about 2 weeks after I went to Salt Lake to visit my family. Ether was working in the temple also and when the temple was closed on account of small pox, they moved back to Helper on about the 18th of January.

January 19 [1900] Both my families moved up to our new ranch on Gordon Creek and started to make fence, plow, plant alfalfa. After we cleaned the Gordon Creek ditch and the Beaver ditch and planted the potatoes. Nephi and Joseph left home to make some money, but Joseph came back about the 8th of August. We were just getting ready to go to Scofield.

The following excerpt from Annie Pratt's diary explains in more detail the circumstances of Teancum's death.

So Teancum thought it would be best to go to Scofield and work in the mines for the winter so we could go on the farm in the spring. But the Lord willed it otherwise. He had only been in the mine 3 weeks when my husband, while working in the mine shoveling coal in the cars, the side of his room fell in and crushed him against the car and killed him instantly on the 8th of September, about 3 o'clock p.m.

Oh, I will never forget that awful day. Joe was working with him. He came home to tell me. I knew that something awful had happened soon as I saw him. He was buried on September 10, on Monday, about 4 o'clock. His brothers Nephi, Maroni, Mathoni, and wives attended the funeral. He was buried at Scofield.

The people of Scofield were very kind to us in our trouble. Mrs. Farish sent word to us to come and stay to her house until after the funeral. We were camped out and it was raining and we were in very poor circumstances and they raised a subscription for us $250.00. We paid the tithing on it and the Lord has blessed us with means ever since, and I know he will still continue to do so.

On March 19, 1901, Sarah gave birth to Teancum’s twenty-second child at Scofield and named him Orson Aaron. She left Scofield and bought a place in Provo. Later she married Louis Taussig. She died on March 2, 1926, and was buried in Englewood Cemetery in Los Angeles, California.

Annie lived in Salt Lake City and died there on January 18, 1937. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

86 Lone Pine Ranch on Gordon Creek.
87 Martin Farish’s grandmother.
88 Annie’s sisters were Kiziah Dimick (Kiz near Sunnyside was named for her), the grandmother of Avon and Kenneth Dimick of Helper; Louise Nelson who lived at Thistle; and Amanda Checkets, Zina Connors, Idona Fullmer, and Emily Montgomery.
IN MAY 27 AND 28, 1890, ELIAS H. COX officially surveyed another townsite in rural Utah: Spring Glen, in what is now Carbon County. He noted streets running north-south and east-west following section lines, blocks in regular squares containing four lots each, and wide streets lined with lombardy poplars. The central block, already housing the town school and meetinghouse, he officially reserved for public buildings. This compact town was surrounded by peaceful fields worked by industrious Mormon farmers. To all appearances it was an average Mormon village—but was it?

Conformity of physical appearance, especially that of the platted Mormon town, has often been considered indicative of basic Mormon values: cooperation, control, unity, and order. Divergence, especially in
Carbon County, has been seen as the legacy of foreigners and other Gentiles (non-Mormons) who settled there. In their "cultural baggage" they carried the contrasting traits of individualism, ethnicity, and personal gain. Yet this facile explanation does not suffice in the case of Spring Glen. Today it is a town unique in Utah: a settled farming village with a Mormon-Italian-Yugoslav population. Utah contains many agrarian hamlets; they are heavily Latter-day Saint. Ethnically mixed communities also abound; they are commercial or industrial. Spring Glen is the exception. Its distinctiveness cannot be wholly ascribed to the southern Europeans who later settled there. It is different today because it has always been different. The Saints who founded it were not meekly responding to a mission call. Instead, they were rebels and nonconformists, escaping to Utah's "last frontier," the Price River Valley.

Spring Glen's differences become clearer upon comparison with neighboring settlements. At the time of its founding—around 1880—other communities were also established in Emery County (which included Carbon County until 1894). They more closely approximated the normative Mormon settlement pattern. In fact, most of present-day Emery County was founded in response to a settlement "call" issued by Mormon church president Brigham Young before his death in 1877. This call was directed primarily at the Saints of Sanpete County, exhorting them to colonize the uninhabited area to the east, over the Wasatch Plateau.

Sanpete residents had been visiting this region for several years, wintering their herds on its arid desert pastures. They were familiar with the landscape, graphically described by the U.S. government-sponsored Gunnison surveying party in 1853:

From the top of some of the higher hills, which are situated some miles east of Green River, one can overlook the wild and unproductive country for long distances. As far as the Wasatch Mountains [sic] one views a chain of open canyons and fantastically-formed sandstone hills on which not a trace of vegetation can be seen. A thin cover of gypsum gives the soil around the look of snow fields, and neither the bare hulks of the northern Roan Mountains nor the snow-covered Salt Mountains in the east nor the rugged and towering ranges in the south are able or likely to diminish the gloom of this view.\(^1\)

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Although a viable winter pasture (for not all of the county was as grim as here portrayed), Emery County’s appearance did not inspire confidence as land for settled farming. Even with irrigation, the agricultural prospects appeared marginal at best. Sanpete residents stayed put, reluctant to leave their fruitful (though overcrowded) farms. Undaunted, LDS General Authorities repeated the call in 1878. Under continued church and population pressure, a few colonizers finally responded.

By and large the parties heading for Emery County conformed to the usual LDS image. Mormon colonizing missions succeeded so dramatically because they subordinated the individual to the group. Missions acted as a unit and embodied certain specific characteristics. First, occupations considered essential for the town’s success were represented: carpenter, blacksmith, miller, and others. Second, whole families were included to increase stability and perpetuate the established social order. Third, colonizing missionaries were chosen without regard to previous ties of kinship or nationality, thus enhancing religion as the primary bond.

The Emery County settlers did not meet these requirements precisely, for some of them had been neighbors before and others showed streaks of independence. Yet settlement proceeded in an orderly fashion. Most colonizers knew Orange Seeley, a bishop from Mount Pleasant who had previously been east over the Wasatch Plateau to Castle Valley, named for its fantastically shaped rock formations. This area later became Emery County, and Seeley led the first colonizing mission to lands where he had earlier grazed cattle and sheep. His initial group consisted solely of men who located homesteads, all bunched together, at what are now Castle Dale and Orangeville. Another group from Fairview—four of the men brought along their wives—settled together at Huntington. In 1878 a few more men came from Sanpete in response to the second church call, but most initial settlers returned to Sanpete County during the winters of 1877 and 1878. Finally in the spring of 1879, families came and set down roots.²

Dedication to Mormon principles and obedience to church direction were clearly expressed by Emery County settlers who answered the call. An early pioneer of Orangeville, Alma Jewkes, voiced his own commitment in these simple but graphic terms:

How did I come to settle in Emery County? I was called on a mission by President John Taylor. Brigham Young organized the mission, but he died

in 1877. I came here in 1878. . . . I have done my best to fill that mission
call I received seventy-one years ago. That mission is not over yet, nor
will it be until I am called home.3

Such dedication to the success of fledgling communities fostered their
rapid organization.

Links to the parent Sanpete LDS Stake remained unbroken, and
establishing a local church hierarchy became a new colony’s first priority.
In 1879, before most settlers had even arrived, Elias H. Cox was installed
as presiding elder of Huntington. Visiting Mormon apostles set apart
other officials of the new Emery Stake the following year. They com­
pleted this task during their second visit in 1882.4

Concurrently, businesses sprang up and towns were platted. The
first blacksmith shop opened at Orangeville in 1878; the first flour mill
there in 1880. That same year Elias Cox surveyed Huntington townsite,
as he would later survey Spring Glen. Castle Dale was also surveyed in
1880, and the following year the local co-op rose majestically on its main
street.5 Other endeavors followed in rapid succession, as local residents
exercised their considerable talents to establish new homes. Throughout
settlement, Emery County Saints remained ordered, church-directed, and
communitarian.

Spring Glen presented a contrast to this organized mode of settle­
ment. It was started in 1878 by a solitary bachelor settler who had
traveled sixty snowy miles over mountains and canyons to build an iso­
lated log cabin.6 Why he left a secure, settled area to come so far into
the wilderness may never be known, but he had no fear of the animals,
and he did not trap them. Forty years later, local folk recounted their out­
standing impression of James Gay.

He was a great friend to [the animals], and because of this they were not
afraid of him. Beavers built their dams across the river at this point [his
homestead]. It was a beautiful sight to see young deer dancing along the
bank, . . . [and] birds even built their nests in a nearby tree.7

From his peaceful arrival Spring Glen dates its inception. Others
soon joined Gay, and although most were previously acquainted, each

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3 Quoted in Stella McElprang, comp., Castle Valley: A History of Emery County (Salt
5 McElprang, Castle Valley, pp. 69, 87-91, 204.
6 “James Davis Gay Homestead Papers, 1884,” Homestead SC File No. 2493, RG 49,
National Archives, Washington, D.C.
7 News-Advocate (Price, Ut.), February 24, 1921, p. 7.
exhibited individual reasons, unrelated to any church call, for moving to the Price River Valley. These settlers all farmed for a living but took up other employment as the opportunity arose. Rather than maintain an institutionalized LDS hierarchy, they failed to continue ties to the Utah County Stake, from which most of them came, taking five years to organize their own ward and eleven years to build a meetinghouse. After nine years they began work on a community canal; after a dozen they platted their townsite. Clearly, this town was developing in a unique way.

Spring Glen’s growth depended partly on the environment, both physical and social. An important factor was the Price River, which flowed from the northwest through a canyon cut in the Wasatch Plateau. As it reached the valley it slowed and widened, but the stream was too small to support the lush valleys found elsewhere in Utah. Along most of the Price River, rocky ledges and alkali flats dominated the scene. Cottonwoods grew along its banks, and sagebrush stands replaced the natural grasslands found only at Spring Glen and Carbonville.

The initial white settlers met little resistance from Indian people. The few natives in the area soon departed and had little or no influence on the history of the community. No one knows why the Indians did not remain there, but an early family history gives a clue. “No good, horses all die,” an Indian told an early white settler. Even without horse sickness, or the “malaria” that later attacked other settlers, the Price River Valley was an unappealing area.

The earliest residents seized upon the two natural meadows for initial settlement, where crops could be grown without irrigation. Farming elsewhere along the Price River required hard labor. Many hands were needed to survey the land, dig ditches, construct headgates, and, finally, bring water to the dry terrain. One group settled first at Carbonville (known then as “Rhoades’ Meadow”) but later built their own town further down the river, on land less valuable for crops or grazing, and called it Price. Spring Glen settlers stayed where they were, living on individual farmsteads that dotted the meadow.

Before he came to the Price River Valley, James Gay had undoubtedly heard stories about the area from his friend, trapper Caleb Rhoades.

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10 “Gay Homestead Papers.” These indicate the men were acquainted in 1875, before either of them came to Castle Valley.
Early in 1877 Rhoades had hunted and trapped in southeastern Utah but returned to Utah County. Then in 1879 he led his own colonizing party to the Price River Valley and settled near Gay. Unlike Orange Seeley, he was not a Mormon leader with a church-sponsored mission. A descendant described him as:

...a powerful man, a much feared man, much respected and also much talked about among his friends and neighbors. ... Many of the oldtimers have stated that Caleb conceived the idea of organizing that settlement [Price] in remote Castle Valley [as all of Carbon and Emery County was then known] to consist of only the persons he liked best—people who lived the kind of life he himself preferred; remote, independent, close-knit and apart from the rigors of society.11

The rigors of Mormon society, especially the subordination of the individual to the group, also weighed heavily on the shoulders of other Spring Glen settlers. Teancum Pratt, who homesteaded not only Spring Glen but Helper and Gordon Creek as well, also felt the need to flee to the wilderness. A son of Parley P. Pratt, Teancum had lived in several United Orders, where the community regulated almost all aspects of private life. In one of them he had contracted a second, polygamous marriage in keeping with the teachings of his faith. His last attempt at

communal living was at Kingston, Piute County, where he encountered conflicts with other brethren. To avoid further friction, Pratt went herding the Order’s sheep in an area far from town but was soon called back in a move he ascribed purely to the Order’s love of “change... an inherent principle in this company... quite disagreeable to me....” After the death of the head of the Kingston United Order, his opinion of the settlement further deteriorated: “... the Bishop & Board of Directors... had the Presidential office filled by a man who I have no confidence... & I am already making arrangements to leave the company. ... I wrote a piece letter to F. M. Ewell [father-in-law] today & expect that he will be moving to some southern country, the coming season; in which case I want to accompany him.”

Pratt in fact preceded his father-in-law, coming to Spring Glen in September 1881. Some years later he confided an additional reason for preferring the isolation of his newfound home: he wished to escape arrest for his polygamous marriage.

Other local residents, rightly or not, were considered nonconformists. In later years local boys teased each other in these kinds of terms:

You’re just as dumb as the rest of us.... You must remember... that your father was called by Brigham Young to settle here, just like my father. Whenever they couldn’t get along up in the northern settlements, they’d send them down to places like Price or some of the other towns in southern Utah.

Later arrivals learned to get along with the first, independent few. Most, like Ewell, simply joined family or friends. The Edwin Fullmers were another example. Fullmer previously lived at Tucker where he worked as an extra engineer and fireman on the “helper” engines that were added to coal trains to assist them over Soldier Summit from the mines at Pleasant Valley. Dissatisfied, he responded to an invitation from his wife’s uncle, none other than James Gay, to come and settle in Spring Glen.

Other relations arrived over the years, and Spring Glen took on aspects of an extended family network. Friends also joined the community, some of whom exhibited the same independent streak as the original settlers. Fitting this model was Thomas William Haycock, an English convert to Mormonism. He had been working in the nearby coal mines

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12 Teancum Pratt Diary, family collection, Ogden, Utah, entry for July 4, 1878.
13 Ibid., entry under 1890.
15 Bullock, “Fullmer Family History.”
at Castle Gate, six miles above Spring Glen, when “he was discharged from his job. . . . In sympathy for a labor leader, who had died in prison, Thomas William flew the U.S. flag at half mast.”\[16\] Haycock was undoubtedly invited to Spring Glen by residents who were seasonally employed at Castle Gate.

This kind of seasonal employment was not available to Spring Glen residents when James Gay arrived in 1878. Until 1881 the local economy remained purely agricultural as settlers’ livelihoods were dictated by their environment. Basic needs dictated the first local industries: a sawmill to cut lumber for homes and a sorghum mill to produce sugar.\[17\] In their adherence to agriculture, the Spring Glen Saints conformed to one of the most deeply cherished Mormon values, probably out of necessity. As LDS apostle Erastus Snow counseled the faithful in 1870, “It is better for us to live in peace and good order, and to raise wheat, corn, potatoes and fruit, than to suffer the evils of a mining life, and do no more than make a living at last.”\[18\] Yet, as soon as the coal mines opened, Spring Glenners took up work there, maintaining their farms in the summer when the mines closed.

\[16\] “Haycock Family History,” family collection, Spring Glen, Utah. Copy in author’s possession.


Spring Glen settlers described their farming activities in the homestead applications they filed. These papers provide exhaustive lists of implements, produce, and activities that give a clear picture of their agrarian existence. They brought with them hoes, harrows, axes, shovels, and at least two types of plow. They cleared, irrigated, and plowed the brush-covered bottomland, raising lucern (alfalfa), sorghum, oats, wheat, corn, other vegetables, and orchards. They also raised chickens, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, even cats and dogs. The few natural pastures were used for grazing horses and cattle. When their neighbors testified to the right of the claimant to own the land, they also painted a picture of life in Spring Glen. They described “cows, hogs, chickens, ducks, turkeys, farming implements, household furniture...” and within the various entries painted a picture of wagons being mended, grain being thrashed, hay being stacked, and the many other facets of a busy, prospering farm life.19

During the 1880s clouds of change gathered around the town. In 1881 railroad section workers arrived to level the grade through Price Canyon for the approaching Denver & Rio Grande headed west from Colorado. As the earliest grading crews gazed up at the high sandstone walls that rose above them, they noticed thick streaks of black that they recognized as coal. Whoever owned these lands would reap riches. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad quickly claimed title to the area and established the Utah Fuel Company to develop the mines. It also acquired the Pleasant Valley Coal Company and Railroad in the Scofield district to the northeast, thus assuring an economic dominance in the area that would persist for many years.

The development of railroads paralleled the growth of mines in Carbon County, and outside capital flooded into the region. Both industries provided opportunities for Spring Gleners to earn much-needed cash. Until these enterprises opened, the community had relied heavily on the barter system for procuring goods and services, but money was required for the payment of taxes and other specific needs. In its cash-poor condition, Spring Glen simply mirrored the rest of Utah at the time.

The state suffered from a lack of specie for many years due in part to the self-sufficiency of the Utah economy but also to cash purchases in the East for emigration, machinery, and consumer goods. Luckily for Spring Glen, the Denver & Rio Grande provided jobs on the railroad section and later on the railroad itself, as well as in the coal mines it operated.

The prosperity occasioned by working for wages brought new latitude to the lives of Spring Glenners, and they began to consider actions previously relegated to second place. Before 1881 local residents had to rely purely on agriculture to eke out a living. Good land was scarce and limited in the people it could support. Although Spring Glen boasted a population comparable to that of the early Emery County towns, its independent settlers waited for the improvement of their individual fortunes before cooperating on community projects. When they withdrew from church domination, they also escaped some of its counsel. In 1882 LDS church president John Taylor described the advantages of the church-sponsored plat of the City of Zion:

...the Saints should be advised to gather together in villages.... The advantages of this plan, instead of carelessly scattering out over a wide extent of country, are many and obvious to all of those who have a desire to serve the Lord.

By this means the people can retain their ecclesiastical organizations. ... They can also cooperate for the good of all in financial and secular matters, in making ditches, fencing fields, building bridges, and other necessary improvements.

Further than this they are a mutual protection and a source of strength against horse and cattle thieves, land jumpers, etc., and against hostile Indians, should there be any; while their compact organization gives them many advantages of a social and civic character which might be lost, misapplied or frittered away by spreading out so thinly that intercommunication is difficult, dangerous, inconvenient and expensive.21

Yet for years Spring Glenners continued their independent ways, inefficient though they were. As the need arose they established certain community organizations, but they shied away from major construction projects requiring the cooperation of all. Since early settlement, all church meetings and related activities had been held at Francis Ewell's residence, locally known as Ewell's Hall. Although Spring Glen Mormons organized the Spring Glen Ward in 1883 and a Sunday School two years...

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20 Arrington, Great Basin Kingdom, p. 497.
later, the residents still could not agree on a building project. Ewell's Hall also housed the town's first drama society, headed by Francis Marion Ewell, and the first day school, taught by Ewell's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Pratt, which opened in 1886.

The town finally began its first concerted community effort, and selected its name, under the prodding of two outsiders presumably attracted to the area by its commercial growth. They approached the Spring Glen bishop, Heber J. Stowell, who later related the story in the third person:

The people had no water to irrigate their lands with so they decided a canal would be needed. About that time two strangers, Mr. Hobson and his stepson, came along . . . [who] . . . were interested in the canal. So they got Mr. Stowell to call the people together and they held a meeting. The people were very anxious to begin their work. They had many troubles but they finally got it done after 7 years in a distance of about 5 miles. The water came from the Price River above Helper to irrigate their lands.22

Work on the Spring Glen Canal began in 1887, nine years after James Gay arrived, and it marked a turning point in the constitution of the town. For the first time the settlers united to sustain a cooperative building effort for the benefit of the entire community. The canal project also prompted them to give their dwelling place an official name.23 After nearly a decade of settlement, Spring Glen had an identity.

The process of administering a canal further consolidated Spring Glen as almost the entire community participated in its capitalization and ditch construction. To reach the $7,000 needed, 1,400 shares were issued for $5 each, and most of the residents eventually subscribed, although difficulty in collecting fees remained a constant refrain in the company's minutes.24 The greatest task lay in building a 360-foot tunnel from Helper to the north, where water had already been brought from the Price River. Men began digging at both ends, hoping to meet in the middle. The accuracy of their extremely primitive surveying tools and the extent of their cooperation is preserved in an unremarkable eight-foot jog in the center of the tunnel, a very small degree of error for such a large project.

22 Wilma Davis, "History of Spring Glen as told by Mr. Heber J. Stowell," February 1, 1921. Copy in possession of Frances Cunningham, Spring Glen.
23 Pratt Diary, entry for February 30, 1888.
24 The Minute Book of the Spring Glen Canal Company, Spring Glen, Emery County, Utah, 1887-1898 (With Accounts, Etc.), Spring Glen Ward Collection, LDS Church Genealogical Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
This achievement opened lands for a townsite, an occasion for great rejoicing. A new spirit of community is visible in the official announcement:

The stockholders of the Spring Glen Canal Co. having completed the tunnel in their ditch of 368 feet, wish to celebrate the event... and cordially invite all of their friends to be present.... During the afternoon the school children and others desiring will visit the tunnel. The gathering for Picnic Supper at 6 o'clock... After literary exercises a social dance will be given—dancing until 12 o'clock free to all. By order of the Board of Directors. 25

Thanks to a push from “outsiders,” independent Spring Glenners began to realize the advantages of community, rather than individual, effort. Their next project was the construction of a church building. The ward history reported:

A meeting house (the erection of which had been commenced in the latter part of 1888) was finished at Spring Glen and so far completed in January, 1889, that a dance could be held in it Jan. 16, 1889. The dimensions of this log building were 30 x 21 feet and the costs about $500.00 26

The ability to raise this kind of cash came only with work at the railroads or mines; the decision to use it for community good arose out of a growing sense of cohesion. Crowding at Ewell’s Hall could not be considered a factor; the new meetinghouse duplicated the dimensions of the Francis Ewell residence almost exactly. 27

By 1889 Spring Glen had become a community, its links forged by shared hardships and the common experiences of church- and tunnel-building. But it had not yet become a town. The platting of the townsite remained the final step in Spring Glen’s foundation.

Early in 1888, the residents met at Ewell’s Hall to formally create their town. They “decided that lots of the proposed townsite should contain one and a quarter acres each, that the streets should be made six rods wide and that twelve blocks should be surveyed.” 28 After they designed their townsite, Teancum Pratt surveyed the land (unofficially) so people would know where to build their meetinghouse and other structures.

25 Eastern Utah Telegraph, January 30, 1891.
26 Andrew Jenson, “Spring Glen Ward, Utah (Carbon County),” Archives Division, Historical Department, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
27 "Francis Ewell Homestead Papers."
28 Jenson, “Spring Glen Ward.” The lots were priced at $7 each.
Movement onto the townsite proceeded slowly, and some residents never moved at all. James Gay died of paralysis in 1892 in the same cabin he built upon arrival in the Price River Valley, a loner to the end. Thomas Haycock remained on his homestead south of the Spring Glen townsite, although the town eventually grew to encompass his land. A few other residents left the area entirely, seeking a new frontier in Canada and elsewhere.

The years 1878–90 marked a long gestation period for the birth of Spring Glen. Although the town in 1890 appeared typically Mormon, the people did not really change. They preserved their heritage of independence. Perhaps Spring Glen’s LDS founders were more typical than we know, but other Mormon town studies stress conformity and group effort rather than individualism. The community embodied some cherished Mormon values, however, particularly the nobility of agriculture and the plat of the City of Zion. Yet these patterns were not imposed by church leadership; instead, they were reluctantly adopted under the pressures of settlement and the exigencies of a desert environment. Many Spring Glen residents exhibited a high tolerance for differences, perhaps because of their own nonconformity in earlier homes. As eastern and southern Europeans flocked to work at the local mines and railroads, an accommodation process began. Immigrants who hungered for land of their own found homes in agrarian-centered Spring Glen. The town’s Mormon residents took up work in the mines, side by side with their Italian and Yugoslav neighbors. Spring Glen acquired a unique Mormon-ethnic blend in a compact rural setting. Each group maintained its own religion and customs, differences that sometimes caused community friction. But shared values and shared work continued to mold the residents into a community, just as they had among the first Mormon settlers. The lesson of Spring Glen is valuable. With time and effort, a town can be built on common ground.
Day shift at Castle Gate Mine no. 2, early 1920s. Alma N. Hardee, first man on left, was a victim of the March 8, 1924, explosion at this mine. Courtesy of Marianne Fraser.

One Long Day That Went on Forever

BY SALINE HARDEE FRASER
COMPiled BY MARIANNE FRASER

CASTLE GATE, UTAH, MARCH 8, 1924. A cold, clear Saturday morning. At 7:30 A.M., 172 coal miners entered the main corridor of Castle Gate

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Mine no. 2, a mine ranked as one of the best equipped and safest in the nation, the “show mine of Utah.” It was only the third eight-hour shift to work that month as the lowered demand for coal had resulted in a serious decrease in working hours. The times, indeed, were hard for the miners and their families. The men working the full shift were considered lucky; almost all of them had a wife and children to support.

At 8:30 A.M. an explosion ripped through the mine. It was of such force that telephone and light poles, timber, and pipes near the tramway were blown across the valley, a valley almost a fourth of a mile in width. Coal dust was showered over the valley, covering trees, rocks, and the ground on the mountain opposite the mine entrance. The dust also embedded itself in the tombstones of the small cemetery near the mine. Poles were splintered into kindling; boulders and pipes were scattered on the valley floor. One minute later, a second explosion blew out the wall of the fan house. Twenty minutes later, a third explosion devastated the main entrance and caved in the main entryway. The force of the third explosion wrecked the main office building 100 feet from the entrance.

*Castle Gate, Utah, along the Price River in Carbon County. This company town no longer exists. USHS collections.*
and knocked the miners' metal checks off the rack. The company's only way of knowing which men were in the mine lay in shambles.

The thundering explosion of the mine was matched by the shock, disbelief, and fear of the men, women, and children of Castle Gate. Almost every family had a father, son, brother, husband, or friend entombed in the mine. Despite this, hope reigned that the trapped men, all of whom were experienced miners, would be able to barricade themselves in a place of safety.

Forty percent of the men were in the dips, the lowest part of the mine, more than 7,000 feet from the main portage and more than a mile from the entryway. For them, there was little chance of life. Another 40 percent were in the first five dip entries, with the balance of the men at the far extremities of the mine. Since these miners were far from the believed point of the explosion, survivors were anticipated from both groups.

Five-man rescue teams worked day and night. On Sunday, March 9, at 1 A.M., the first body was brought out. By March 10, 26 bodies had been removed, many mutilated and dismembered beyond recognition. The force of the explosions was such that the coal along the walls had been coked by the first explosion and glazed over by the second, a process that requires a minimum temperature of 662° F. The coal camp's hope of survivors was smothered by the silence of death. By March 18, 172 bodies had been removed from the mine.

To the children of Castle Gate, the explosion and the days that followed were a time of confusion, fear, and chaos. It was a time burned into their memories by the sights, smells, and sounds of death stalking their homes and touching their lives. The following account is a description of the Castle Gate community immediately following the explosion. It is told by Saline Hardee Fraser, thirteen years old at the time, who lost her father and grandfather in the explosion. It describes the impact of the 1924 Castle Gate mine explosion on one of the families left behind.

March 8, 1924

It was cold. It was in March, and it was cold, don't remember snow or anything. It was just darn cold that morning when we first found out about it, but I don't remember it as being snowy or anything. I never even remember if the sun was out.

It was around 7:30 A.M. Mother always use to get us up early and we were all sitting down eating breakfast, came close to 8 o'clock. Welber [twenty-one-year-old brother] was still in bed 'cuz he'd been out the night before having a good time. I don't remember what day it was, Saturday morning? . . . They worked at that time six days a week. I'm not sure about the day.
Anyway, Mother was standing by the stove, . . . someone was getting the dickens for something. . . . Mother was upset and then a knock came at the door. Mae [sixteen-year-old sister], me, and Edwin [seven-year-old brother] were sitting around the table, Annie [two-year-old sister] she was in a high chair, Welber was in bed, and it was just a normal day start....

... We had a knock on the door and Mom, Mother opened it, never called her Mom, and there was a neighbor lady whose husband was in the mine and she was crying and very, very upset and she said, "Mrs. Hardee, don't you know the mine's blown up?" She didn't say explosion, she said "mine's blown up." Mother got awfully
excited and everything and this lady said "Look." We ran outside and looked up

towards the mountain and there was all this black smoke coming out from behind the

big cliff over across from our house. We lived on main street up there, right down

where the entrance to Store Barn Canyon was.

Mother run into Welber, shook him, got him out of bed, and told him to hurry

and get dressed. She told him about the mine blowing up and he got dressed, went

out, got into the car, and he took off for the mine.

In the meantime, Grandma Jones came down, upset and crying. She lived up

the hill above us. All of us kids ran out of the house and, course Welber was gone,

Mae took off downtown at once. She went down to see if she could find out some of

what was goin’ on. Mother insisted that me and Edwin stick around. But sooner or

later we all ended up downtown, trying to find out what was going on.

Downtown was chaos. Everybody was running every which way, everbody had
different stories, people were crying, some were really screaming. Kids didn’t know
what to do. . . . Everybody was scared to death — but everybody kept saying, “Oh,
they’ll get out, just wait, they’ll get them out, they’ll be all right.”

There was a smell. The smell was there for several years afterward and, in fact,
at certain times right now you can smell that nasty smell at #2 Mine. But you
could smell it all downtown, it was a gassy, burnt smell and it was bad. It was the
smell from out of the mine, the smell of the gas, the black damp. Of course the gas
burned. It was burning inside [the mine] and the smoke and the black damp together,
it was, well, it was a nasty smell and everytime I smell it today, which I do every
once in a while up there, especially in the cemetery, it makes me think of that awful
day and night and that explosion. It just sticks to you.

The smoke we could see from the house went away not very long after we were
told about the explosion. We could see the smoke at first but that cleared out, that
didn’t stay. They got what little fire was going out inside. It really, really wasn’t a
fire. I guess, from what Uncle Dave [Jones] explained to me, it was a rush of the
first explosion. I think there was three explosions up there, one after the other. But
they figure the first one was the one that killed everybody. There was no chance.
There was so much black damp and a sheet of flame came out with it so as it passed
the men, those that were in the main haulage or in no protection at all got burned
along with the gas. So that’s what the fire was, just the flames.

The first day, that was when Mae went to the hotel and I was running back
and forth wherever my mother would send me to see if there was any news—whether
there would be hopes that some were alive, which there was a lot of stories going
around. I was down and back all day long and all night. We were up all night.
Nobody was sleeping.

Edwin was home. Annie was home. She was still a baby. Mother was home.
She never left the house. But we had relatives in, an aunt and uncle from Provo.
News spread real fast. . . . We had an Uncle from Huntington, he was up, and Grand­
pa Hardee he was up at the house.

The rescue team from Royal, the first day came down and they stopped for a
minute in front of our house to let Uncle Will-John [Jones] and Uncle Alec [Jones]
that was on the team in to see Mother and then they hurried back out and got on
the truck. It was a big flat-bed truck, company truck, and they went up to the mine. . . .

We were all feeling very sad and scared. We didn’t know, well, we kept hoping

1 Royal, founded by the Lion Coal Company, was located one mile north of Castle Gate.
At the time of the explosion it was called Cameron. The name was later changed to Rolapp
before its contemporary name of Royal.
that at least they'd find somebody alive and too the stories that I would pick up
downtown to take home to Mother was, well, they heard someone tapping on the
pipes and they heard someone yelling up through one of those air holes in the mine,
which there really wasn't any air holes in the mine, just stories. But there was no way
none of them could get out alive. It was just bad waiting to see.

They put a block down there by Willow Creek, it's where Utah Power and Light
Company is now. They put a guard across that because there was so many people
coming or running up to the mine that they couldn't get the material up to do any­
ting. The road was blocked with cars and what have you because people from all
over the county was comin' up and so they put a guard down there and was stoppin'
[people]. Just emergency vehicles could go up there. So us kids couldn't get through.

It wasn't pre-arranged, but the whistle blew several times. But most people
didn't know what it was for.

Cars were all over. That's why they had to put the guards down there at the
entrance. The cars were coming in and out and Red Cross had gotten up there, and
of course miners from not only the rescue squads. They closed several other mines
around to get miners out to help to do other ordinary things. It was crowded. They
had ambulances from every mine in the county and hearses, and everything was up
to the mine.

I walked down to the bridge and they had these men there and you couldn't
get by. You had to have a permit or if you were a doctor or something like that, they
let you through, but no civilians. Now, of course, Welber was up there, but he got
through in the first bunch, before they blocked the road off. He wasn't on the rescue
teams. You had to be specially trained to be on the rescue teams.

The rescue teams came from different mines around the county, that's the first
day. There was Hiawatha, Kenilworth, Sunnyside and Cameron or Royal or Rolapp,
whatever you want to remember it as up there. The next day the Utah Fuel Com­
pany, that was the owner of the mine, had a mine over in Del Carbon, Colorado,
and they brought two rescue teams over from there. They also sent for my Uncle
Dave [Jones]. He was a clerk in the Del Carbon office. He was Mother's brother. But
he had before that time been chief clerk in the mine office in Castle Gate and they
transferred him to Del Carbon so they wired him and asked him to come over. He
knew all the men and they thought he could identify and keep track of the men
better than the new man up there at the office in Castle Gate. So he came over from
Del Carbon with the rescue teams. They put him in the Amusement Hall and he was
in charge of listing all the bodies as they came out and trying to identify all of the
bodies.

There was all kinds of rumors, and then they found the first man. I think it
was George Harrison. I remember it was late the first night, well it was early the next
morning. But it was still dark and we were all up and we heard this lady going up
the street really crying and I remember Mother going to the door and going out and
it was the same woman who'd come to tell Mother about the explosion in the first
place. They had just found her husband and they were takin' this woman home to

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3 The Salt Lake City Red Cross team arrived by train in the early morning hours of
March 9, 1924. They immediately set up tents by Mine no. 2 and served coffee and sandwiches
to the rescue teams.

4 Medical supplies were rushed in first from Castle Gate company hospital. When the
magnitude of the explosion was realized, emergency supplies were called in from every available
resource. Other mining camp company hospitals, the community hospital, the county funeral home,
doctors’ offices, and drugstores responded with alcohol, ether, surgical and burn supplies, bandages,
and other materials they felt could be of use.
MARCH 9, 1924

I was up all night. There were so many people in and out [of the house]. Now Mae was still down there practically all night, at the hotel, but in and out of the house, everybody, I mean I couldn't tell you how many people. Our own family was there all the time. Oh, Uncle Ted came down from Hiawatha, he was up to Grandma [Jones] for a while. He was in charge of the Hiawatha rescue crew.

Now I know I was down before light the next morning to read the bulletin board [at the Post Office]. They just left the list on the wall and kept adding, it just had names.... It was on the north wall on the porch....

It was the next afternoon and I thought they might have news of Dad....

There was two women and they worked in that Post Office for I don't know how many years. I remember [one] coming out and looking at me. They had several [men] out by that time. She was a beautiful woman and she came out and she was cryin'. Her boyfriend, but she was really figurin' on marryin' him, was Welber's best friend. He was the one that Welber had been out with the night before, he was in the mine. I remember her cryin' and she run her fingers down [the list] and said to me "Your Daddy isn't here." She meant his name wasn't on the bulletin board. That was the second day. The first bunch they brought out, if I remember right, there was seven....

"Dad" was Alma Nephi Hardee, forty-nine years old at the time of the explosion. He was born July 22, 1875, in Ogmorevale, Wales. He started working in the mines of Merthyrtydfil, Wales, when he was five years old. His job was to pick up chunks of coal that fell from his father's coal car. The family immigrated to work in the coal mines of Winter Quarters, Utah, before the turn of the century. Alma moved to Castle Gate in 1900, working at the mines there until the time of his death.
It seemed to me like every time I went down there was more names added, but I couldn't find Dad. At that time when the names started to appear, they was sayin' how badly the men were burned or mangled....

We were all just watin' for some news. We knew it was goin' to be bad, but just waitin'. People were all acceptin', well, they were all cryin' but they were all acceptin' the idea that they might not see their husbands or boyfriends again.

I remember somebody came to see me. I don't know who it was, a girl, she brought a ball and we started to play, bouncing the ball or something and I don't remember who came and snatch the ball away from us and bawled me out and said I should be ashamed of myself; but I remember that ball and the girl brought it, we were just tryin' to occupy ourselves. At the time I didn't think I was really doin' anything bad. There was nothing we could do. We were just waitin' and I felt as bad as anybody.... I didn't see what I was doin' wrong, but I remember gettin' bawled out....

Us kids didn't know what to expect from Mother those few days and afterward. At times I felt like she didn't want us in the house. I could understand — Mother didn't talk things over. She might have with Welber, but not with the rest of us. We were not allowed in any conversation. We kids found out what we could by listening in doorways. Edwin, Mae, and I, we wondered what was going on. Welber didn't have much to say. He wasn't home too much, he was up to the mine.

I remember Welber coming home late the one night... and falling asleep on the floor. [He had on] filthy, old, stinky clothes like the mine was stinking. But he'd been workin' outside [the mine] and fallen asleep on the floor in the middle of the room.

Welber had been going to high school in Price but he decided to quit and go into #1 Mine. A fire started in #1 Mine and they couldn't get it out so they sealed off the burning portion, layed off the men and rehired only the married men who had been there the longest. Dad was upset about Welber going into the mine in the first place and refused to hire him into #2 Mine. Dad was a "boss" so he could hire and fire. He would only hire the married men because they had a family to support. Welber was so mad that Dad wouldn't hire him that he almost packed and left home. This happened 2–3 weeks before the mine blew up. Welber would have been on the shift that was killed....

My Aunt Jenny [Young] was in the kitchen most of the time makin' coffee or makin' sandwiches for anybody who wanted to come in and have something to eat. But she always had the coffee pot on. She was married to Andrew Young and she was Father's sister.

Aunt Jenny stayed at the house. I don't remember where my Uncle went, but Aunt Jenny stayed with Mother, and I remember Mother got upset with her because Mother was doin' the dishes, I guess she needed to have something to do, but Aunt Jenny wanted to do it, and I remember Mother getting awfully angry at Aunt Jenny and Aunt Jenny was ready to cry but she put her arms around Mother instead of gettin' hurt herself, you know, and feeling bad because, oh, Mother was really nasty to her. She wanted Aunt Jenny to leave the dishes alone, she was taking care of that. She did the dishes and Aunt Jenny stood there and talked to her....

The one thing I remember more than anything, this was after there was a lot out and Uncle Dave was up in the Amusement Hall. At that time the steps to the Amusement Hall was split down the front, great big steps. You went up these steps and then [through] the outside doors of the Amusement Hall to go into the main part of the Hall, two big doors on each side of this ticket booth, they had shows there.
I stood at the bottom of these steps for the longest time, 'cuz I didn't want to go up, but I did go up the front steps and I went through the first door into the hallway and I was standing there and Uncle Dave came out and seen me there. He grabbed my arm and shook me and said, "Don't you come up here again, you go downstairs and go home." But I do remember there was double doors, one door was open on the side where Uncle Dave came out and all I remember is row upon row of grey, cloth-covered caskets. Going up to the left, I could see them up there and he [Uncle Dave] was in there. It just seemed like all I could remember, how those grey caskets, I couldn't tell you how many, it just seemed like an awfully lot to me. And they were all exactly the same, and they were all on those wooden horse stands. . . . It could have been more than the second day because there were so many caskets. It all runs together on things, like one long day that went on forever and ever.

**Identification of Alma Hardee**

Dad was out for a while and they couldn't identify him. They had identified a young boy as Dad until they took the shoes and socks up to Mother and she said "No," they weren't Dad's 'cuz she knew what kind of socks he had on, she darned them. . . . They they brought up this other pair of shoes and socks and Mother identified them as Dad's. . . . It couldn't have been more than two days before they buried him. We had orders to bury him, Mother did.

When they did identify Dad by his clothes they didn't tell us that his whole body was burned. There was nobody allowed to see them [the bodies] and the day we buried them we buried Grandpa [Jones] and Dad. I remember us kids goin' down in the car. Welber was driving with Mother and the rest of us in there. I don't remember who Grandma [Jones] was with, whether it was Uncle Dave or who, but they brought out the two caskets from the Amusement Hall and set them on the old company truck — another flatbed truck with about three other caskets — and that was how they drove them up to the cemetery. They were burying Dad the same time as they were burying Grandpa Jones, two going on in the family at the same time.

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*Edward E. Jones, 1857-1924, the author's grandfather, was also killed in the Castle Gate explosion. Courtesy of Marianne Fraser and Fossat Photo Studio, Helper.*

*"Grandpa" was Edward E. Jones, sixty-seven years old at the time of the explosion. He was born in Merthyrthodfil, Wales, on April 2, 1857, and worked in the Welsh mines from his early childhood. The family immigrated to Winter Quarters, Utah, in approximately 1894. Jones moved to Castle Gate in 1898 and worked in the Castle Gate coal mines from then until his death.*
Grandpa Jones was the pumpman... They could have viewed his body, Grandma could have seen him, because, well his body was crushed, of course, 'cuz the pump-house fell in on top of him, but he wasn't burned and he wasn't blown apart or anything and she could have seen him but she didn't want to.

I remember Mother being very unhappy about the service they had for Dad because Grandpa Hardee was in charge. Grandpa Hardee had made arrangements for the burial and he had, it could have been a bishop, it could have just been a Mormon person, you know, give the prayer at the grave and say a few words and she knew that Dad wouldn't like that.

He [Dad] had been buried at least overnight, maybe even two days... All I remember is us kids were in the frontroom, Mother was in the other room, Uncle Alec [Jones] was there and there was other people... Uncle Alec, he was the nice Uncle with the terrible temper. This man came to the door and knocked and Uncle Alec went to the door and he, this man, asked for Mother and she came to the door and he told Mother that they'd found Dad's head in the haulageway and that's when Uncle Alec got so mad, in fact, he went out the door after the guy, I think he could have killed him. I don't know if he caught him, but I bet he did, knowing Alec.

The body was exhumed to place the skull in the casket also. Uncle Alec went up to the cemetery to see that everything was taken care of...

**Aftermath**

The town was quiet and sad. I remember all the people, the women who lost husbands and sons, they were all worried about what the Company was going to do—were they going to get any insurance or anything, you know, 'cuz nobody had anything to live on. Those days the miners didn't make very much wages. Now Dad was a boss, but still Mother had very little saved. We never knew how much Mother had saved, just that it wasn't much. I don't know how much they paid Dad an hour. I knew he did a lot of overtime work and they didn't get paid for overtime.

I remember that the Company gave each family, and it didn't matter how many children were in the family, they paid $5,000. That was all the money any of the families got...

And then they formed some kind of organization in Utah and it spread all over the United States. People all over the United States donated to this organization and the money was suppose to go to help the children to see that they had decent food and decent medical care and all that but somehow or other there was graft... and there was not much of that money seen in Castle Gate. They got the money all right, they got a lot of money from all over the country, like they do now, they donate, but there wasn't much shown in Castle Gate.

I think they had started this move on this Committee before all of the men were even out of the mine. There was a lot of donations of clothes for children, not much food. And we needed food with no money coming in...

When people got to thinking, sure that everyone was dead, Mother, in a hurry had two black dresses sewed up. I believe it was a whole year we wore those damn black dresses to school, and they were not washable. They were a kind of a satin

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6 The average pay for bituminous coal miners in 1924 was 78 cents an hour. No overtime was paid to the miners, but a small amount of money was given for each coal car filled after the regular shift. "Bosses" made a flat $240.00 a month with no overtime pay, even though extra hours were required to supervise the miners.

7 The $5,000 was allocated in monthly checks of $64.00 per family.
or black tafetta. At that time, tafetta was not a very expensive thing. They were made for Mae and I and Mother made us wear them everyday and I remember the kids in my class making fun of me in my black dress. I've never forgotten that damn thing, even to the ribbons that tied the sleeves up. The sleeves were puffed and you had a ribbon around here and the bow hanging.

Edwin had a black band on his arm up at the cemetery.... Of course Welber had a black band on. That's all you'd see around there [Castle Gate] was black. But as for Edwin wearing it to school, I don't ever remember if he did....

A couple days after the explosion, Uncle Alec was living in Cameron, Royal or Rolapp and he took us, I think it was Edwin and I, to stay up there overnight in his little place with his wife and kids and I thought that was a big adventure 'cuz the beds had to be on the floor. We had to sleep on the floor....

It seemed like three weeks before they found the last man. Gettions, I remember his name. I'm pretty sure it was three weeks. I just know they were looking for this man and they hadn't found him and they figured he was in the dips because they hadn't been able to get down there.

It's all locked together on certain things. It was a funny, terrible time.

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This photograph, taken by Charles R. Savage for the railroad, shows the Castle Gate in Price Canyon after which the town was named. USHS collections.
In the early spring of 1905 young Albert R. Lyman stood near where the Parley Redd Merc is and watched a herd of mustangs emerge from the trees that then covered the land. Breaking into a spirited lope as they started down the hill where the high school now is, they followed the draw toward the southeast, crossed it near the Utah Navajo Development Council offices, and disappeared into the taller sagebrush covering a large Anasazi ruin where my parents later built their home. That moment—when this land still belonged to such free spirits—is not really separated so long from this moment in time, yet this day and that are separated by a long series of experiences, each destined in an inexorable way to turn a sagebrush flat possessed by wild horses into a thriving community with a red stoplight in its navel.

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The founding and settlement of the town of Blanding is at least chapter two of community history of this site. In another day, there was another people who loved this land and had faith in its ability to sustain them and received inspiration from the beauty of these same mountains and canyons. It is intriguing to realize that those people had a name for this community, although it probably was not Blanding, and the name probably was not changed to obtain a library. They also had a name for Blue Mountain, Elk Mountain, The Knoll, Westwater, Lem’s Draw, and Recapture.

While there is much not known about the Anasazi, there is a great deal known, and every person who ever lived in Blanding has been richer because of them—richer not only because of the fascination for their pottery, arrowheads, cliff dwellings, and crumbling mesa-top ruins but because we know that another people loved this land also and remained for a thousand years. The Anasazi were gone by 1400, many appearing to have left precipitately, as if they feared that they might change their minds if they lingered.

For five hundred years no one seems to have claimed White Mesa as a permanent home. The Utes living to the east almost certainly crossed it often, stopping to drink from the all-seasons spring in Westwater Canyon as they hunted or lived for a time in the area. After Ouray’s Treaty, when they lost most of their land in western Colorado, some of the Utes refused to go to their new reservation in Duchesne County, Utah, choosing instead to disappear into southeastern Utah whenever any pressure was put upon them. One of the well-traveled Ute trails from Colorado to the security of Navajo Mountain comes onto White Mesa near the confluence of Lem’s Draw and Recapture Canyon, where Ashton Harris’s field is east of town, and crosses the width of the mesa, leaving on the west where Posey and his followers left in March 1923.

The trail seems to have been followed in reverse by some of the country cousins of the Colorado Utes, the Paiutes from western and central Utah. Although the precise date of their arrival here is not known, nor even the entire motivation for their exodus from further west, it would appear that their migration was related to the series of Mormon-Paiute skirmishes that lasted for much of the third quarter of the nineteenth century and was more bloody and disruptive to Paiute culture than most Utahns have realized. If their decision to remove to southeastern Utah was based in part upon the feeling that Mormons loved Lamanites but hated Indians, some of their later intransigence is explained.
Navajos, a very few of whom may have lived in San Juan County prior to 1861, became more numerous in the southwestern corner of the county between 1861 and 1864 when it seemed as if the whole world had declared open season on them. A group probably numbering several hundred chose not to surrender to Kit Carson and go to Fort Sumner on the Texas–New Mexico border, vanishing instead into the wild canyon country surrounding Navajo Mountain. There they stayed, unchanged, until their reconstructed tribemen, having promised never to steal from or fight the Beligaana again, returned from Fort Sumner in 1868. Unlike those returning from Huelte, the Navajo Mountain Navajos had not known the ignominy of utter defeat and four years of captivity. Believing they had escaped by clinging to the old ways, they ignored most of their returning tribesmen’s descriptions of new foods, ideas, languages, and crafts. The Navajo Mountain Longhairs became a conservative, traditional force that has influenced the history of the Navajo in southeastern Utah to the present, including the Blanding community as Navajos have played an increasing role in it.

Besides the undefeated Longhairs, there were other Navajos who made a decision to stay in San Juan County. Much of the background of the Navajo beginnings is nebulous, but it appears that there were a few Navajos living as far north as Green River prior to 1861 and east through the La Sal Mountains to Norwood, Colorado. For a time at least, they seem to have lived on fairly good terms with the Utes, even occasionally trading corn for Ute children, who were incorporated into the Navajo families.

Although some of these families survived the attacks of the 1860s and like their Navajo Mountain counterparts never went to Huelte, by the late 1870s they found their old homes being taken over by white cattlemen and settlers who told them to go south to the reservation. On their way south, several families settled in the Recapture Canyon–Montezuma Canyon–McCracken Mesa area north of the San Juan River where they remained relatively undisturbed for about sixty years. During that time they built up sheep herds and worked amicably for some of the local stockmen. They, too, represented a conservative Navajo element that one day would have a significant impact on the quest for community in Blanding.¹

¹ See interview of Hugh Benally by Gary Shumway, July 11, 1972, no. 1234, Southeastern Utah Project, cosponsored by the Oral History Program, California State University, Fullerton, and the Utah State Historical Society. Copies of this and other interviews are available at the sponsoring institutions and the Blanding library unless otherwise indicated.
One final non-Mormon group should be introduced as part of the mix existent at the time of Mormon settlement of White Mesa. Stockmen who had learned the basic truth that cows are machines that convert government grass into silver dollars were attracted to southeastern Utah in the 1870s by the tall grass and adequate water. For a time the clamor for beef in the western Colorado mining camps, the belly-high grass covering both summer and winter range, and the freedom from any form of taxation beyond an occasional tribute of a cow butchered by an Indian created a thriving cattle industry, especially from the northern part of the county south to the LC Ranch on the edge of White Mesa. But weakening markets and range conditions, personnel changes, the increased activity of cattle rustlers, and the establishment of San Juan County with an indefatigable tax assessor led to the eventual withdrawal of the larger cattle companies. Their remaining assets fell into the hands of rather rough individuals, most of whom the Mormons at least viewed as less than desirable community members. Although almost none of these Gentiles ever considered becoming a part of the Blanding community, their influence was, in fact, rather pronounced; and the lingering tradition of inhospitality toward strangers in Blanding may partially be attributed to the proximity of undesirable strangers during the formative years of the community.

It was into this uncertain milieu with its tenuous associations that Mormons from the mother colony of Bluff came to forge a community. In the summer of 1880, a youthful Walter C. Lyman first saw White Mesa. There are several variations to the story of why he happened to go there. The account given by his son Lynn says that while waiting for his older brother Platte D. to return from Durango, Colorado, Walter and his brother-in-law Kumen Jones rode north from Bluff Bench toward the white-rimmed mesa visible in the distance. As they rode over the rim onto White Mesa, they stopped to assess the land before them. The immediate impression that came to Walter was of the breathtaking beauty of the cool mesa, almost imperceptibly tilted from the north and covered with tall sagebrush and cedar and pinyon trees, while in the distance the majestic Blue Mountains, timber covered and with patches of snow still remaining, watched protectively and promisingly. It was a beautiful site, and as Walter looked at the spot partway up the mesa where the blue sagebrush melted into the cedars, he had an over-

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2 Franklin Day, "The Cattle Industry of San Juan County, Utah, 1875–1900" (M.S. thesis, Brigham Young University, 1958), passim.
3 Interview of Lynn Lyman by Mark Collins, May 29, 1978, no. 788b.
powering feeling that there lay his destiny. Riding further up on the mesa, Walter stopped to scoop up a handful of the rich red earth and to think of its implications. To persons who had been reconciled to the fact that the sandhills of Bluff Bench and the San Juan River banks afforded the best soil available, the abundant grass, the height of the sagebrush, and the size of the cedar trees of White Mesa seemed to promise a better alternative. If a ditch could be dug to bring enough water from one of the streams in the spring to be stored in irrigation reservoirs, the natural rainfall could be augmented sufficiently to produce excellent crops.

Walter Lyman returned to Bluff afire with enthusiasm for such a venture, although he probably understood from the outset that it would have to wait, as the people of Bluff were not yet at liberty to leave the mother colony.

During the years to follow, Walter Lyman never forgot his feeling for White Mesa. Instead, after visiting Blue Mountain and spending a long solitary time looking down on the mesa, he believed a vision was opened to him of a burgeoning town there, with well-laid-out streets, educational facilities, and a temple. When in 1897 three LDS general authorities came to Bluff, urging the settlers to remain but telling them that expansion into the streams coming from Blue Mountain would be considered a fulfillment of their calling, Walter Lyman had already spent the previous few weeks on the north part of White Mesa, surveying a line for a ditch from Johnson Creek. By the end of that year the surveying was far along, a short tunnel was being driven, and a rough dugway had been made from Bluff onto White Mesa. Throughout the next summer a number of Bluff settlers worked on the ditch and the Little Tunnel until fall, when so many were called on missions that work stopped.4

Not until 1902 was the plan for preparing the mesa for settlement reactivated, at which time Joseph A. Lyman moved to the LC Ranch and he and others resumed work on the ditch. That year, or early the next, Walter Lyman helped Peter Allan survey the townsite, and by the spring of 1903 water ran through the ditch and the Little Tunnel from Johnson Creek onto White Mesa. In 1904 members of the Lyman family were living at the LC Ranch and at the Park, four miles above the townsite; but it was not until April 2, 1905, that Albert R. Lyman, his wife, Lel, and oldest child, Cassie, came to start their home. Recalling that evening when they arrived, Albert later wrote:

At long last we had come to abide on the appointed site of Sidon, the
city-to-be. It had taken the first San Juan Pioneers nearly six months to get
to Bluff after they made their start in that direction. It had taken us
more than seven years to get to the edge of the cedars after it had been
appointed as our promised land. Into the hush of the twilight, as we kindled
our cheery fire, came the ominous voice of an owl in a nearby tree and the
slim howl of a coyote from away among the cedars. They put into that
solitude a meaning unlike that of any camp I had ever made in the past.
We would not be going on from that camp in the morning; we had stopped
there to remain, to meet the unknown and unguessable future and to hazard
the failures and calamities which the popular prophets of evil had pre-
dicted.

By the end of the summer of 1905 there were six families in town.
That fall, the Fletcher B. Hammond family, the only family not related
to the Lymans, moved to Monticello, and Walter Lyman took his family
to Bluff for the school year. The other four families stayed the winter
and ate Christmas dinner together.

The next summer the Will Nix, E. F. Thompson, Willis Rogers,
Jense P. Nielson, Ezekiel Johnson, and Hyrum Stevens families came to
stay, and in 1908 the Will Young family came, immediately from New
Mexico but with years of experience in the Mormon colonies of Mexico
and acquaintance with a number of good people there who soon would
need a new home. By 1910 when the Shumways came—along with the
families of Benjamin D. Black, Azariah Brown, and Bailey Lake—the
town possessed more than twenty-five families.

By then an important new pattern had been set. At the outset most
of the settlers had been relatives or close friends of the Lymans or Bluff
stockmen who saw the advantage of the more central location between
their summer and winter range. Increasingly, however, the settlers were
coming from farther away: the William Young, Benjamin D. Black,
and Peter Shumway families from New Mexico and others, such as the
Carrolls, Porters, Kartchners, and Hursts, from as far as Old Mexico.
When some of the original settlers learned of the reason for this far-flung
interest, they were somewhat concerned. Many of the stockmen, who
tended to view land tenure in correlation with water supply, felt that a
small, pastoral community was preferable, but Walter Lyman had been
to the mountain and had seen an impossible dream of a large, vital com-
community; and as he attended general conferences, as he visited the far-flung

*Albert R. Lyman, *The Edge of the Cedars: The Story of Walter C. Lyman and the San

*Loyd L. Young, *William L. Young, 1875–1929* (Monticello, Ut.: Author, 1980).*
reaches of the San Juan Stake as its president or met Mormons for any
reason, he searched for the kind of people he felt would provide a basis
for a great community. Once determining that they were fit material,
Walter Lyman used his intellectual charm, his spiritual strength, and
his certain persuasive skills to entice them into the Garden of Eden. As
we have interviewed those early settlers in the Southeastern Utah Oral
History Project, one of the recurring stories they tell is how Walter Ly­
man approached them and so fired their enthusiasm with his description
of White Mesa that they made a decision to throw in with the country
sight unseen.

Those who became a part of this deliberate selection process fell
rather easily into the sense of mission so strongly permeating the San Juan
frontier. There would always be differences of opinion, sometimes rather
loudly expressed or stoutly defended, but these differences were largely
over how best to achieve an objective, not over the objective itself. In­
deed, a careful study of the evidence has led this writer to the conclusion
that the amount of basic difference within the community was much less
than most have assumed. Even the often-repeated story of the major
division between the Hole-in-the-Rockers and the Old Mexico Mormons,
or Pachecoites, somewhat falls to pieces under the weight of other evi­
dence. The local tradition is that there was a major cleavage between
the wealthy, elitist, aristocratic Hole-in-the-Rockers, who had divided
up among themselves the economic opportunities of the area, and their
poor, struggling fellow Mormons forced to leave all of their possessions
in Mexico as they fled a maniacal Pancho Villa. As a local historian,
this writer has worked very hard to document this cleavage, having long
accepted it as fact. By asking the right people the right questions and
through sheer perseverance, some examples of hurt feelings were found
but nowhere near the magnitude expected. Furthermore, the examples
found do not clearly indicate that this was a Hole-in-the-Rock versus
Mexico Mormon controversy. Who were these Hole-in-the-Rockers that
were so inhospitable? The Lymans, who worked so very hard to welcome
newcomers, even to the extent that Walter, who might have owned much
of the mesa, died ultimately with no land at all? Were the Nielsons, then,
the culprits? It was never this writer’s understanding from his Blanding
beginnings that the Nielsons, though relatively wealthy, were anything
but model citizens in encouraging the development of a community spirit,
nor has he found anything from his oral history documentation to indi­
cate otherwise. The Bayleses? One theme that emerges from almost every
Individuals make a community: Charley Sipe in his blacksmith shop, Margaret C. Black with a hoe, and Grandma Johnson. Photographs by Ken Hochfeld, USHS collections, and Bruce Hurst for Southeastern Utah Project.
interview with Old Mexico Mormons is that the Bayles family worked very hard to provide jobs at a respectable wage and to assist in any other way possible to alleviate the problems besetting those coming from Mexico. The Redds? Unfortunately for the tradition, most of the Redds who settled in Blanding, while having family who were Hole-in-the-Rockers, actually came from Old Mexico.

That there were slights and disagreements and even occasionally affronts is not disputed. But these will happen whenever humans live next to each other. It now appears that those settlers from Old Mexico, coming as they did from an embittering experience in their last town and not always possessing the most finely honed social skills, were as culpable as were the Hole-in-the-Rockers for any unpleasantness that may have occurred. In fact, as much strife could be documented between various Mexico Mormon families or between, or even within, various Hole-in-the-Rock families, as between the two larger groups.

Almost as an aside, but something that could definitely stand clarification and further research, there is at least one other problem with the tradition of the mistreatment of those unfortunates fleeing the wrath of Pancho Villa: virtually all of the Old Mexico settlers of Blanding left Mexico before Pancho Villa himself had any wrath and some of them before any kind of unusual threat to life or property in Mexico had occurred. It would be incorrect to suggest that the Mexico Mormons did not live under conditions where there was always at least a latent threat of violence—the experiences of the Harvey family in Colonia Diaz or the Stevens family near Pacheco are grim reminders of this threat—but for many, such as the Carrolls and the Kartchners, the Lakes, the Hursts, and the Reds, the inconveniences and ordinary dangers of living in Mexico, not Pancho Villa, compelled them to leave.

Rather than dwelling on any real or imagined stresses within the community, one should emphasize that in fact the melting pot did melt a host of rather strange individuals into a very viable community. The Nixes would come from Moab, and Brother Nix would serve as ward clerk for thirty years, besides providing a great deal of entertainment for the entire town in the early days, as he pedaled his bicycle in pursuit of some hardened criminal, such as a teenager driving his father’s car without a license. This was a town where the only jail was a stray pen where cows that had committed some crime against society such as getting into

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¹ For a delightful account of Brother Nix’s law enforcement efforts, see interview of Vincent Jones by James D. Redd, September 3, 1971, no. 1090.
Brother Jones's corn patch would be incarcerated until their owners redeemed them. Brother Nix, or some other person designated as the town's peace officer, lived a more placid life than did his counterpart in many frontier towns.

From Jewett Valley, New Mexico, in 1910 came the Shumways, with twelve grown or nearly grown children and one hundred cows for which Peter Shumway, perhaps too optimistically, hoped to find grazing room. Having a very high standard of honesty for himself, and being rather inflexible in expecting the same in others, Grandpa Shumway was easily offended when he thought that others diverged from that standard. He spent much of his later life being offended, and the Shumways searched for many years for a way to make their own contribution. Once they found it, in extracting wealth from the uranium-rich sandstone strata of the area, they became an integral, even vital part of the community.

Two large families of Hursts came out of Colonia Juarez, Mexico, making the long journey in covered wagons to the place someone had convinced George Arthur Hurst was the veritable Garden of Eden. Once in Blanding, and acclimated to the rather unpretentious Garden, the Hursts dug into the community with a vitality and depth of talent that was most impressive. Especially in fulfilling their cultural and civic responsibilities, the Hursts made Blanding a better community than it would have been had they not come.

The Blacks, two great families of them, would come from New Mexico and Old Mexico and stay to make bricks and flour and electricity and roads and become healers of bones and of spirits and of social ills. Few people, even those from Blanding, have adequately perceived the contributions of Benjamin D., David P., Morley, and other Blacks.

Along with the Blacks were the Redds, most of them from Old Mexico, but already with family and a heritage in Blanding. Their commitment to hard work and their talent for making money have provided an economic credibility for southeastern Utah that might not have existed otherwise.

If there were Blacks and Redds, there would have to be Browns, and there were—a large family of strong, intelligent, humble, spiritual people who loved the soil with the passion of true farmers.

Whether they were Blacks or Redds or Browns, they were white, and along with the Guymons, Harveys, Hawkinses, Helquists, Hunts,
Johnson’s, Joneses, Palmers, Rowleys, and others they were Mormons. Between 1923, when the Utes and Paiutes under Posey made one final, poorly orchestrated protest, and 1953, when new roads and two simultaneous mineral booms joined to break down the insularity of the area, Blanding enjoyed a peaceful, contented era of gradual development. Few new families moved into the community, but few had to, when Albert R. Lyman had fifteen children, the twelve Shumway children busied themselves with raising large families of ten or more, and the Blacks, Redds, and most others did likewise. A number of schoolteachers, attracted by Superintendent Joseph B. Harris, became so enamored by the combined charms of the country and some members of the opposite sex that they stayed to make an effective and essential contribution. A few others came, seeking high-grade trees or big-foot wolves or, for one brief but very significant moment, a place in the sun as the CCC brought in large numbers of inquisitive and appreciative young easterners.

Growing up in Blanding in that era was a privilege for which few participants failed to be grateful. There were picket gates to swing on and hollyhocks to trap bees in and ditches of water in the spring to jump or wade or float homemade boats in. There were bonfires to sing around or listen to stories of Old Mexico or the Hole-in-the-Rock, trips to Bluff for cliff flowers or watermelons or swimming and to the Grove on the mountain for Twenty-fourth of July celebrations. There were bluebird nests with sky blue eggs and sky blue skies with puffy white clouds, and always there were the Blue Mountains, hovering protectively to the north, providing water for thirsty crops and promising a full measure of water for many more people if the community was willing to work hard for it. And ultimately, before that era ended, the people of the community made that effort. Perhaps there is no greater symbol of the success of Blanding in that era than its transormance of some foul smelling “frog soup” ponds into the excellent water system enjoyed today, involving second-feet water rights to Indian Creek, a mile-long tunnel through Blue Mountain, and a pipeline from Johnson Creek. Those of us who know of the forty-year-long dream of Walter Lyman and David Black, and the several-year sacrifice of Vet Bradford and Marvin Lyman

9 See Jessie L. Embry, “Schoolmarms of San Juan County,” MS, Utah State Historical Society; La Ray Alexander, Backboards and Blackboards (Fullerton: California State University Oral History Program, 1977); interviews of Beth Guymon, Irene M. Redd, and Louise E. Redd.

10 See interviews of Frank Montella, Thomas Wozniak, Michael Camberlango, Edward Keele, James Hunt, Phillip Hurst, and Floyd Nielson.
in putting through the tunnel, never take a drink of excellent Blanding water without remembering the strained frogs of past years and blessing those with foresight enough to push through the tunnel and pipeline before the necessity of environmental impact reports and other government restrictions would have made it impossible.\(^{11}\)

If Blanding was many good things to waves of young people who grew to maturity here during those years, perhaps most of all it was Albert R. Lyman. In “Little Church,” which as a sacrament meeting counterpart to Junior Sunday School was itself unique to Blanding, in fast and testimony meetings, in stake conferences, at Scout campouts, in his cobbler shop, in the books we read, in the patriarchal blessings we received, and especially in all of the seminary classes taught during that entire thirty-year period, Brother Lyman spoke from deep in his heart of his love for the church, this community, and its mission to be a center for learning and for service to the Indians.

It was that destiny of service to the Indians that eventually brought an end to the pastoral little Mormon community. The change began quietly enough. Almost from the beginning, Scotty Jones and a few others lived across Westwater—Navajos who for some reason were permitted to live there by the good-natured Utes. By the late 1940s there was an un-

\(^{11}\) See Pages from the Lives of Marvin and Margie Lyman (Fullerton: California State University Oral History Program, 1974); interviews with Sylvester Bradford, Douglas Harvey, and Grace Shumway.
obtrusive but fair-sized group there: Grandma Johnson, Old Lady Tree, Old Man Oshley, Fanny Reid, Bert Atene, Paul Goodman, and their families, along with others. On Christmas Day most were out early with their long seamless sacks to be filled with “Christmas Givit,” and at other times during the year they satisfied their simple financial needs by hoeing weeds, cutting wood, herding sheep, or performing other tasks that townspeople hired them to do. Never feared, or even disliked, they nevertheless were rarely truly befriended and were never expected to live by the same norms as the people across the canyon. If someone had thought to ask Grandma Johnson, she would have said that she had left her home near Nakaito to come to Blanding after having decided she wanted her family to be raised here with the Mormons. Old Man Oshley came from the same general area with the same major objective. This tall, stately Navajo and this diminutive, mischievous, ubiquitous woman suffered the slights and the condescension along with the other Navajos of the area, many of whom also may have come with the hope that they or their posterity could one day be a part of the community.  

Most of the townspeople remained oblivious to the fact that at least some of the local Navajos wanted to be a part of the community, and the Westwater Navajos seemed willing to accept their lot, but others were not. Almost imperceptibly, a series of factors combined to ultimately change the contours of the community. In about 1935, with the establishment of the Taylor Grazing Act provisions, the local stockmen were faced with the problem of formally dividing up the range land in a way that would be acceptable to individual ranchers and to the Grazing Service. This distribution process bubbled with emotion and other complications, and it took many months, climaxed by a marathon talk session lasting more than twenty-four hours, before an agreement was reached.  

From the beginning, however, it was agreed that no Navajos should be with their herds in the area north of the San Juan River, and a fence was built for the purpose of keeping the Navajo sheep off the white stockmen’s winter grazing range. Most of the Navajos were convinced through one means or another to keep out, but one Navajo named Jim Vijil persisted in returning to his home near the mouth of Recapture. After several efforts to dislodge Vijil from the winter range,

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12 See interviews of Oshley and Johnson by Gary Shumway and Clyde Benally in the Doris Duke Indian Oral History Collection, American West Center, University of Utah.
13 See interview of Reed Bayles by James D. Redd, September 21, 1971, no. 1091.
a Blanding stockman took his problem to a peace officer. The following story was told by Vijil and may be full of errors, but it at least demonstrates his perception of the event. Driving up to Vijil's hogan, the officer took out his shotgun, walked up near the dwelling, and called for Vijil to come out. When he stepped outside, the officer told him that he had thirty seconds to be heading back to the reservation or be shot. Rather than beginning to run, Vijil stepped up closer to the two men and said, "Do you see that rock over there? My father is buried there and this was his home. The only way you will get me to leave is to kill me." The officer cocked his shotgun, aimed it at Vijil and repeated his demand. Vijil stood there, looking down the barrel of the shotgun. There was a long pause, then the officer lowered his shotgun and said, "You damned old Navajo," and he and the stockman walked off. Not too long afterward, the reservation was extended to cover Vijil's claim, and other Navajos began a slow encroachment that even before the annexation to the reservation of the sizeable, oil-rich Aneth-McCracken Mesa area, seemed to establish a pattern of inexorable Navajo expansion.

In the midst of this expansion came an even more immediate and cataclysmic threat to the community's status quo. In the late 1950s Hugh Benally, one of the grandsons of the Navajo White Horse who had settled in Montezuma Canyon, used some oil royalty money to buy a school section of land in Montezuma near where he had been raised. Blessed with a large number of intelligent children, Benally began to wish they could attend the Blanding schools, where they could receive a good education and return to their own home each night. His first request for the admission of his children was denied, as were the second and third, but he persisted, pointing out that he paid property taxes on his land and, therefore, his children had a right to attend tax-supported schools. Ultimately, the system buckled under his persistence and logic, and his son Clyde Benally graduated from San Juan High School in 1964, the first non-foster-child Indian to do so.14

The opening of the Blanding schools to the Benally children released the flood gate, and soon hundreds of small children, as well as older ones, were groping along snow-covered trails in the dark to cross a slippery foot bridge over the San Juan River and run a mile and a half down to Saint Christopher's Mission, where, just as it was getting light in the winter, they boarded a bus for the trip to Blanding. After a long, and sometimes overwhelming, day at school, they would reverse the pro-

14 Interview of Hugh Benally by Gary Shumway.
cess, arriving at home long after dark to do their studies by a kerosene lantern in a one-room hogan shared with ten or so other members of their family, then retiring to get up at 4:00 A.M. to begin the new school day.15

Few of the Blanding people, who saw their own children’s education being diluted by the massive infusion of Navajo students, ever understood how much it meant to those children to have the opportunity to be in Blanding. And, when the Navajo parents decided that at least for the winter they would move to Blanding to ease the difficulties of their children in getting to school, many in the community interpreted this simply as a desire to be closer to the welfare offices, whose headquarters had been moved to Blanding, or to toothache medicine in Monticello. Some even saw a more ominous portent in the burgeoning birthrate of the reservation, the steady, determined advance of the reservation since it first entered Utah after 1900, and the growing economic power of the Utah Navajo Development Council. Feeling that the coming of large numbers of Navajos, more than CCC camps, uranium or oil booms, or missile bases had changed the pastoral cohesion of the community, some began to fear that Blanding would become a Navajo ghetto. But even in the gloomiest times, many who had learned to love the Navajos for their industriousness and their gift for understatement, remembered Albert R. Lyman’s repeated insistence that the mission of the community was in great part to be of service to the Indians, and they saw in the Navajos’ presence the literal fulfillment of Walter Lyman’s vision from the mountain.

As the community has agonized over alternatives, events have transpired to lessen some of the shock of radical change. The decision, supported by most of the people, both Navajo and white, to build excellent schools in areas more accessible to the reservation has diminished the need for Navajo families to leave their land and possessions to move to Blanding and has at least bought time for more orderly absorption.

Perhaps even more significant, just as this important decision regarding the future of the community was being made and put into effect, a new influx occurred, even more suddenly, that again drastically changed the community. Escaping from the poor economic situation of the East Coast and elsewhere and the poor social conditions of cities throughout the nation have come people, finding in the same clear air, protective mountains, and whispering canyon breezes the attractions that brought

15 Interviews of the Sampson family by Gary Shumway, August 1968, Doris Duke Indian Oral History Collection.
the first settlers. Some of these are people who were born here, but were forced through economic necessity to leave, and have now found it possible to return. Others are Mormons who received the same clarion call concerning the Garden of Eden that Walter C. Lyman once gave. Many are other good people of the earth willing to share their wisdom and knowledge and skills in building up the land. Whatever the reason and whatever they have to give, they are here, perhaps nearly as many having come within the past two years as came during the first seventy-three.

April 2, 1980, was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the town. A great deal has happened since Albert R. Lyman stood watching that band of mustangs start from the spot where the high school now stands. Albert R. Lyman and Walter C. Lyman are dead, as are Will Nix and Ben Black and Parley Redd and Peter Shumway. And so, in many senses, has the community passed away that they knew and loved. But perhaps as they watch the development of Blanding from an even greater vantage point than Blue Mountain, they will be proud of what they see.
The Autobiography of Mary Jane Mount Tanner is a worthy addition to the excellent books published in the Utah, the Mormons, and the West Series. It is an exceptionally well written account of a Mormon girl crossing the plains at the age of ten and enduring unusual difficulties and hardships because of the tragic separation of her parents. Frustrated in her ambition for recognition of her literary talents, Mary Jane poured her soul into her autobiography, giving a detailed, introspective account of life in early Utah that must rank with the journal of Martha Spence Heywood as a source for understanding an intelligent and sensitive woman's role in pioneer Utah.

Mrs. Tanner's account is augmented and clarified by detailed explanatory footnotes and a twenty-page introduction by editor Margery W. Ward in cooperation with George S. Tanner, as well as a collection of letters, a nineteen-page epilogue, and an adequate index and map.

George S. Tanner's research for his recently published book on the John Tanner family led to the acquisition of Mary Jane Mount's journals and letters by the University of Utah Library, and his oft-expressed admiration for her writing was an important factor in the production of this valuable book.

Two-thirds of the "Memoirs," as Mary Jane entitled her autobiography, describes her life prior to her marriage at age nineteen, and in many ways the story of her parents and their tragic marriage. It also provides a clear window for viewing the journey to Utah, the primitive living conditions of the early years, and the tangled lives of the early Mormons as they suffered loss of parents and marriage partners through death, desertion, and plural marriage.

Mary Jane's account contains numerous inaccuracies, which are corrected by the editor, and many of the prejudices shared by her fellow Mormons. She often became philosophical and expressed her innermost feelings in beautiful prose. Writing of their move from Mill Creek Canyon to Salt Lake City, she described it as a desolate spot, "but for us who had been eight months shut in by the high mountains, it seemed a beautiful place; for here the walls of our prison enlarged, and here was human companionship; acquaintances made in adversity, and friends cemented by common suffering." The editor realized that Mary Jane was writing for posterity and so was circumspect about some things in her life, especially concerning her attitude toward plural marriage, but by referring the reader to letters in which Mary Jane expressed herself more freely, the editor made a more balanced point of view available.

The last part of the "Memoirs" is devoted to Mary Jane's life with her husband Myron Tanner as they joined the early settlers of Payson, Utah, in
1856. Her detailed description of her cabin home was written “for the interest of my children that they may see how little is really necessary for happiness. . . . I think I passed some of the happiest hours of my life in that old log cabin.” Part of the reason for her happy memories may have been the fact that she did not have to share her husband with another wife at that time. However, in 1866 her husband married Ann Crosby, an English girl. This marriage proved to be a disaster, resulting in Ann’s heavy drinking and Mary Jane’s additional responsibility for taking care of Ann’s children. In her autobiography she wrote “Of this I will say but little. It is a heart history which pen and ink can never trace. It was a great trial but I believed it to be a true principle. . . .” However, in her letters she was much more explicit about the problems of plural marriage in general and her own experience in particular.

Students of Utah and Mormon history are indebted to Margery Ward and George S. Tanner for producing this excellent work and to the Tanner Trust Fund and the University of Utah Library for continuing to publish such valuable source materials.

EUGENE E. CAMPBELL
Brigham Young University

_Sixshooters and Sagebrush: Cowboy Stories of the Southwest._ By Rowland W. Rider as told to Deirdre Paulsen. (Provo, Ut.: Brigham Young University Press, 1979. Xvi + 152 pp. Paper, $7.95.)

To Rowland Rider, the pivotal period in his life was the decade from 1907 to 1917 when he worked intermittently as a young cowboy in the eastern Arizona Strip country, including the Kaibab Plateau and House Rock Valley. In both terrain and weather it was a rough world on men and animals, where survival itself often depended on ingenuity as well as fortitude. Some of Rider’s cowboy episodes were indeed life or death matters; others were humorous; still others involved encounters with unusual men.

During the years since his cowboy days, Rowland Rider has related his adventures to relatives, to friends, and to various groups, becoming in the process a known storyteller. In this role he apparently sheds his identity as a Salt Lake City businessman and becomes again a desert cowboy, complete with vernacular and gestures. So successful were these storytelling sessions that Rider’s granddaughter, Deirdre Paulsen, tape-recorded and transcribed them. Then, with minimal editing and with a few footnotes of explanation, the stories were turned into this small book.

Undoubtedly the most gripping of Rider’s episodes is “Riding the Points,” which relates the long, grueling experience of trying to “drift” cattle off the Kaibab Plateau in the teeth of an early winter storm, only to become trapped. He describes helplessly watching forty-eight cattle slide to their deaths over a cliff when they, one by one, tried to ascend an icy patch of trail. Later, Rider and the other cowboys had to hole up for twenty-one days while the blizzards raged and the deep snow kept them in a rugged gulch.

In other chapters Rider tells about his encounter with a mean and loco horse, cattle brands, prospecting in the Grand Canyon, the lone timber wolf that got away, a hazardous Model T Ford trip to Los Angeles in 1917, and even about carving the cornerstone inscription for the Kanab Stake House. They are colloquial to the point of being ungrammatical, but all the stories are short and easily readable.
Oral history, such as the stories in this book, has some inherent pitfalls. When the storyteller is himself involved he tends to remember best those details that have special significance for himself. Rider, for instance, claims credit for preventing a gunfight between two men in House Rock Valley. On the other hand, Zane Grey, who was also present, wrote in the August 1926 issue of American magazine that he, Grey, stepped between the men and thereby single-handedly prevented the fight. Probably both Grey and Rider are truthful to the limitations that each individual could observe and remember the entire event.

One also has to realize that Rider has been telling most of these stories to interested audiences for several decades. Considering our broad cultural change of interests, our expansion of technology, and changes in our perception of the early West, these stories must also have evolved in subtle ways in accordance with both Rider's views and audience reactions. Certainly the way Rider tells a particular story in 1980 must differ markedly from the way he told the same story in 1930. As William A. Wilson graciously says in the foreword to the book, these stories are an “artistic rendering of significant human experience.”

Granted that these stories might be tinged with minor, inadvertent fictions due to the pitfalls of oral history, the truth of Sixshooters and Sagebrush lies in the broad picture of a harsh, but simpler, world. Although the frontier had officially vanished from America by 1900, the southern Utah-Arizona Strip country remained a pocket of untamed land where human values such as honesty, ingenuity, and courage ranked above all. Zane Grey recognized this quality of the land in his early (and probably his best) novels. Rowland Rider also recognized it and became not a writer but a storyteller, and a good one. Certainly Rider’s best stories evoke images of locale, hardships, human conflicts, and human adventure rarely found in oral history.

Utah’s History. Edited by Richard D. Poll et al. (Provo, Ut.: Brigham Young University Press, 1978. XX + 757 pp. Cloth, $17.95; paper, $12.95.)

With the exception of the American and European survey courses, the most popular history class at Utah’s universities is Utah history. Last year at the University of Utah the class was taught five different times while most other upper-division history courses were offered only once. It is a paradox that with the long-standing popularity of Utah history classes at the university level there has not been a suitable single-volume text for the course. Previously, several works, led by Leonard J. Arrington’s Great Basin Kingdom and Gustive O. Larson’s An Outline History of Utah and the Mormons, were used. Utah’s History effectively meets the need for a single-volume university text and the broader objective of a general history of Utah for adult readers based on recent research.

Utah’s History is a collection of thirty-six essays contributed by twenty-eight scholars and organized in three parts. Part I, “Utah Before the Mormons,” was edited by David E. Miller. Its five chapters deal with the physical setting, early Indians, the Dominguez-Escalante Expedition, the fur trade, explorers and pre-1847 travelers in Utah. Part II, “From Colonization to Statehood,” was edited by Eugene E. Campbell. Covering the half-century period from 1847 to 1896 in sixteen chapters, this section is primarily an account of issues and policies encompassed in the develop-

Only someone who has lived intimately with the desert plateaus of southern Utah under pioneer conditions could have written this little volume. There is a sense of home about the landscape; the everyday incidents and routines ring true; and the images and descriptions spring as fresh from the desert as its flowers after rain.

This is not a scholarly treatise, but the artistic telling of the legend of Jacob Hamblin. That is not to say that it is not historically correct; for it is. It is also the story of Rachel, Jacob’s wife, whose love and loyalty sustained him. It is the story of Dudley and Maria Leavitt, the author’s grandparents, and of the other men and women of the Indian Mission headquartered in the little fort on the Santa Clara. Although it is the story of a man and his mission, the woman’s point of view apparent throughout is refreshing.

Utah’s History is an excellent summary of historical research and writing for the past quarter-century. The editors, contributors, and publisher are to be commended for this significant, attractive, and useful volume. With Utah’s statehood centennial only fifteen years away there remains much to be done to fill the gaps and eliminate the disproportions to produce a comprehensive history of Utah. Utah’s History is a giant step toward that goal.

Allan Kent Powell
Utah State Historical Society
Most of the stories have been told and retold and are still told in southern Utah both orally and in unpublished manuscripts; but Mrs. Brooks has brought them together in such a graphic and sensitive style as to help the reader to grasp the truth of the pioneer experience and the depth of Hamblin's commitment to his calling and to sense fully the humanity of the man and of those who worked and sacrificed and loved and lived and died beside him.

INEZ STEVENS COOPER
Southern Utah State College


This publication is not just a book describing the general development of the American city but is rather an encyclopedia of the development of hundreds of American cities from the 1700s to approximately 1890. The amount of data collected, analyzed, displayed, and described is incredible. As stated by Reps in his acknowledgements, many hours of student and associate research and writing found its way into the text. The book contains 694 pages of written text, photographs, and map plates, plus another 133 pages of notes, bibliography, and index. All this material has been quite carefully edited and laid out in a volume measuring 10½ inches in width by 8¾ inches in height by nearly 2½ inches in thickness, bound handsomely. It is an unusual book for any shelf and equally unusual for most readers.

This is not a book to “curl up” with by the fireplace, nor is it a book of great practical use for practicing planners. The very nature of the process of American city settlement makes describing it quite repetitious; however, the book will be of interest to those desirous of tracing the development of the American city or in learning of the early development of some particular part of the United States. The approach of the book is more from historical inquisitiveness, tempered by a planner’s understanding of the nature of cities, rather than a planning text describing the American city-building process. This combination frequently leads to some interesting comments about city design and some despairing comments about land speculation and “fast-buck” development artists. It is amusing to compare land speculation practices of the nineteenth century with many of the same practices today, although the techniques used today to reap fast and quick profits are not as flagrantly immoral as those described by Reps.

For those of us who have an interest in Utah, Reps does justice to the impact of Joseph Smith’s design of the City of Zion and Brigham Young’s leadership in the Mormon colonization of the West. Not of serious consequence to the two chapters dealing with Mormon town planning and building, but nevertheless an error, are two statements describing Joseph Smith’s first vision on September 21, 1823, with Moroni and the Lamanites and Nephites as two of the lost tribes of Israel. These two errors are made at the outset of chapter IX but I found little else in error as I read on through the rest of the Mormon colonization description. The author’s insight into the character of Mormon culture and its influence on the land indicate that a substantial amount of material was reviewed prior to his writing of the development of Mormon cities and towns. In general, these two chapters are well done and will provide a learning experience for almost anyone interested in the history of Utah town planning.
The book is relentless in tracing the development of the West from the perspective of city growth. As stated by Reps, the development of urban centers "did not take shape through a process of gradual and random incremental growth that transformed a crossroads hamlet into a town and then perhaps to a major city. Instead, the typical procedure involved the selection of a promising site by an individual, group, church, railroad, corporation, or governmental agency. The tract was then surveyed into streets, blocks, lots, and open spaces. Only after this initial design was determined were houses, shops, mills, churches, stores, and public buildings erected on predetermined locations. The western frontier thus had its origins in hundreds and thousands of planned communities."

I found the book tiring if read for more than an hour or two at a time. The author's determination to describe the emergence of hundreds of cities has left little room for anecdotes that could make the narrative come alive with human interest. Nevertheless, the book should be in every university library since students in several disciplines will find it useful for research.

JOSEPH MOORE
Bountiful, Utah


Saloons of the Old West traces the history of the saloon from colonial times to its demise with Prohibition. It also attempts to give a lot of information about the history of the West and its heroes through the saloon. And last, it attempts to tell a history of barkeeps, barflies, drinks, drinkers, and famous establishments. The book accomplishes all of these things, but so what?

This is a pretty book, but the real question is whose thirst will it quench? If you are a lover of the romance of the Old West, and your bookshelf already boasts every other stereotype of that subject, then this book will sit well next to your gunfighter books, outlaw books, history of the "Old West" through the sheriffs or the graveyard or the livery stable books, or that book hidden away which exposes the "Old West" through the stained glass of a bordello.

If your love is for Utah or Mormon history, then sorry, this book is not for you. I could quote everything it has to say about the Utah saloon, and the review would still be too short. The only thing I found amusing was the noting of a favorite Utah invitation to imbibe, "Well, shall we irrigate?"

If you are a serious social-drinking historian, then Saloons of the Old West will not only give you a few good recipes for old-time drinks but will provide you with a supply of cocktail conversation. And for the very serious social drinker, the book will reassure you that nearly all great things have taken place in the barroom.

This is truly a history of the United States through the swinging doors. Washington drank here. Adams plied the Indians' land away at this tavern, and Daniel Boone moved west after downing one here. Another thing the book does is give a list of our favorite western heroes such as Cody, Russell, and Custer, telling us of their devotion to the bottle. The little folk verses throughout the book are a nice touch, but since they are usually fragmented and unidentified their value is counterproductive. Another fault of the book is that, though the bibliography seems adequate, the research does not. It becomes clear quickly that this work is
about saloons in Colorado, Kansas, and New Mexico. An examination of the credits reveals that libraries in these three locations seem to be where almost all the research was done.

_Saloons of the Old West_ is a tipsy history. It reeks of a light-hearted tour of western drinking establishments with sobering time done in too few libraries. There's no doubt that a good deal of western history has taken place at the brass rail, but the book has the same presumptuous attitude of a hazy and dark bar late in the evening, where the tavern seems to be the center of the universe. It is nicely decorated but, at last, just does not pack the punch.

HAL CANNON
Utah Arts Council

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_Dictionary of Utah Art._ By ROBERT S. OLPIN. (Salt Lake City: Salt Lake Art Center, 1980. IX + 311 pp. Paper, $5.95.)

Reference works of this kind are so very difficult and tedious to compile that anyone successfully completing such a task deserves the heartfelt thanks of the community. Olpin's book brings together a wealth of information about Utah art and artists from the Anasazi to contemporary painters and ceramicists. It fills a void.

That said, it seems important to mention some of the work's shortcomings in hope that a revised edition might be produced sometime. The most serious flaw is the lack of a standard format for the artist entries. At a minimum each name should be followed by birth and death (where applicable) dates, place of birth, and an identifying word like sculptor, painter, potter, etc. One cannot always tell in the _Dictionary_ if an artist is living or dead or grew up in the 1930s or the 1960s. Certainly these are vital bits of information, albeit time-consuming to track down. The use of "present-day" to identify an artist is a poor substitute for genuine biographical data that would place an artist in time, and such vague usage quickly dates a volume. In addition, the entries on major artists—Hafen is a good example—suffer from too much anecdotal detail at the expense of a listing of major works with dates and locations. Finally, the author's prose is at times impenetrable.

Many of these problems could have been eliminated with the services of a few eager graduate students armed with standard information-gathering forms. A professional editor would have been a boon as well.


The format of this fascinating reference work is well conceived and the text
very well written. That makes it a delight to browse in for a few minutes or a few hours. O'Neal has done an outstanding job of compiling data on 255 gunmen, including dates and places of birth and death (where available), aliases and nicknames, occupations, and a brief biography, followed in chronological order by detailed accounts of verified gunfights by each individual.

The author's introduction is illuminating, giving an overview of the mass of data collected. For example, O'Neal tells us that 110 of the gunfighters were lawmen, that they often teamed up with family members, and that almost 65 percent of the gunmen died by violence (mostly shooting) or were executed. George Curry's gruesome death in Castle Gate, Utah, is a good example of a badman's bad end.

**Sacagawea of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.** By ELLA E. CLARK and MARGOT EDMONDS. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979. Viii + 171 pp. $10.95.)

Sacagawea, the Shoshone woman who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition, is probably the most legendary female figure in western American history. Controversy still surrounds her role in the expedition as well as the place of her death and burial. Ella E. Clark, professor emeritus of English, Washington State University, and writer Margot Edmonds examine these controversies and recount the Indian woman's life in this slim volume. Their readable account is based primarily on the journals of Lewis and Clark, the testimonies gathered by Charles Eastman during the 1920s, and oral histories.


Published originally in the 1940s, Ott Black's reminiscence of the great cattle drives of the late nineteenth century makes fine reading. Black, who said he had "gone every route from pinochle to manslaughter," chronicles his association with legendary cattle outfits like the Hashknife, the feuds and killings and narrow escapes, the beauty of America's heartland with its belly-high grass and abundant wildlife, and the adventures of a host of characters from Uncle Mart to "Poker Alice."


The Annual Faculty Honor Lecture of Utah State University for 1979. Fresh from his research for Utah's bicentennial history, Peterson wields the story elements—Mormons, agrarian ideals, immigrants, and regional distinctiveness—with familiarity and grace. His account gives further credence to Leonard Arrington's labeling of this period as Cache Valley's "golden age" (p. 27).

**Unpublished Revelations of the Prophets and Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.** Compiled by FRED C. COLLIER. (Salt Lake City: Collier's Publishing Co., 1979. Xiv + 176 pp. $11.95.)

*Unpublished Revelations* is a handsome volume of material zealously collected and published by Fred C. Collier who has long wanted to "complete" the body of revelations given to leaders of the LDS church. He even learned how to set type so that the job would be done right.

In this first of three volumes to contain all uncanonized revelations, the compiler has included revelations from primary sources plus the "Lectures on Faith." The definition of revelation used here is explained in a quotation from
George Q. Cannon as being those words given to a prophet from God to which the prophet himself testifies, or in other words in "Thus saith the Lord" language.

Mr. Collier has given a touch of God-speak to his compilation by setting the material in two columns like that of LDS scriptures. The layout is flawed a bit by the frugal but awkward practice of placing two- or three-line fragments of material at the bottom of a page rather than starting the new section complete at the top of the next page.

The material presented will not be appreciated equally by all readers, since some revelations will be accepted by only a few; but students and scholars alike will enjoy the addition of new/old information in the growing documentation on Mormon history.

Isaac I. Stevens, Young Man in a Hurry.

A West Point graduate of 1839, Stevens participated in the Mexican War and the U.S. Coast Survey before securing appointments as governor of Washington Territory and head of the northern survey for the transcontinental railroad. Later, he was superintendent of Indian affairs, delegate to Congress, and a Civil War general, dying at the second Battle of Bull Run.


A Fellow of the Utah State Historical Society, Mrs. Burt has written more than fifty books, many of them for children. This work tells of successful efforts to preserve bald eagles, whales and dolphins, Utah prairie dogs, whooping cranes, and other species.
Cannon, Angus Munn, 44; farm of, 3, 43; imprisonment of, for polygamy, 39, 166–67, 169; and John Sharp, 174; marriage of daughter of, 16; and Martha Hughes, 38, 40, 47, 48; and Smoot hearings, 24
Cannon, Annie, marriage of, 16
Cannon, David, death of, 16
Cannon, Elizabeth, daughter of Martha Hughes, 38, 39, 40, 41, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48
Cannon, Frank J., and polygamy, 26, 35
Cannon, George Q., 17; arrest of and bail for, 159, 173; and John Sharp, 165–70, 173, 174; Manifesto explained by, 156; and Mormon land system, 190; post-Manifesto plural marriages approved by, 16–19, 36; and territorial courts, 134
Cannon, Gwendolyn Hughes, daughter of Martha Hughes, 45, 48
Cannon, James Hughes, son of Martha Hughes, 48
Cannon, Lewis, son of Angus, 45
Cannon, Marsena, photographer, 59
Cannon, Martha Hughes, 37, 45, 47; aliases of, 40; children of, 39, 48; election to state senate of, 47, 48; exile of, 38, 39–47; letters of, 37–48; marriage of, to Angus, 38, 39; medical career of, 38–39, 48
Cannon, Mrs. ———, Teancum Pratt bought organ from, 350
Cannon, Wilhelmina, plural wife of Abraham H., 11–12
Cannon, Zina, move of, to Idaho, 346
Carlisle, Edmund, cattle rancher, 185
Carlisle, John C., school superintendent, 242
Carnegie, Andrew, capitalist, 67
Carter, Dominicus, probate judge and LDS official, 137
Cass, O. D., physician, 224–25
Castel Gate, 379, 380, 382, 389; 1924 mine disaster at, 257–58, 379–81; effect of disaster at, on Hardee family, 381–89
Central Hotel, dances at, 228
Central Pacific Railroad: and Corinne, 220–21; and J. W. Young, 69
Chandler, Emma, teacher, 280
Chandler, Zachariah, secretary of the interior, 177–78
Christensen, D. H., school superintendent, 272
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: British members of, 51; conflict of, with U.S., 129–31, 133, 147; effect of Manifesto and statehood on, 5–10, 34–36; finances of, at Nauvoo, 94–95; French mission of, 38, 51; general authorities of, 4–5, 59; official statements of, on polygamy, 155–56; post-Manifesto polygamy practiced by leaders of, 10–19, 15 n. 21, 22, 23, 26–33. See also, Mormons and names of church leaders
City of Corinne, steamer, 72
Clark, Eliza Avery, plural wife of A. O. Woodruff, 13–14
Clark, Joshua Reuben, teacher and school superintendent, 303–4
Clark, J. Reuben, Jr., LDS leader, 304
Clawson, Hiram B. (father), 169; business and church interests of, 157; imprisonment of, for polygamy, 148–49, 172
Clawson, Margaret Judd (mother), 157, 159, 160
Clawson, Rudger, 148, 161; church positions of, 161; imprisonment of, for polygamy, 148, 160–61, 166, 174; Supreme Court case of, 155; trial of, 157–60
Clawson, Spencer (cousin), store owner, 157
Clay, Henry, 120; and Compromise of 1850, 117–21
Clayton, William, and marital problems of Joseph Smith, Jr., 90
Cleveland, Grover, polygamists pardoned by, 76, 160
Closser, Etie, assistant school principal and singer, 223, 231
Collar, ———, and Teancum Pratt, 349
Colburne, Clara, school principal, 282
Collie, John A., backer of M. Fillmore, 116
Collins, James W., 267; association of, with R. L. Tracy, 268–69; death of, 268; and Tracy Aviary, 262, 263, 269
Compromise of 1850, 117–21, 126
Connors, M. W., coal bought by, 361
Connor, Patrick E.; and Camp Douglas, 205; and Teancum Pratt, 229
Cook, C. H., and Teancum Pratt, 343, 354, 355, 356, 357
Cook, Ida Tone, teacher, 302, 305
Cook, Mary, teacher, 302, 305
Cook, Ray, LDS deacon, 346
Coolidge, Joseph W., administrator of Joseph Smith, Jr., estate, 95
Corinne, 220; baseball team of, 226–27; celebrations in, 224–25; Chinese in, 221; churches in, 222; descriptions of, 221; founding of, 220–21; rivalry of, with Mormon towns, 226, 227; schools in, 223–24; Shoshoni Indians in, 221; social and cultural activities in, 228–31; sports in 232–33
Corinne City Council: and schools, 223; and Sunday closing law, 222
Corinne Opera House: activities in, 227–31, 232; audiences at, 225; dedication of, 224
Corro, Elizabeth T., headmistress, 289, 291
Cox, Elias H., surveyor and LDS official, 137
Cox, Allen, LDS home missionary, 361
Cox, Elias H., and Teancum Pratt, 357
Cox, Smith, Jr., estate, 95
Crowley, O. F., and Teancum Pratt, 349
Crowley, J. H., and Teancum Pratt, 350
Cummings, Mrs. ———, coal bought by, 361
D
Dalton, Albert, Carbon County settler, 337
Davenport, Miss, teacher, 273
Daynes, John, polygamy abandoned by, 172
de Hübner, Baron, visit of, to Corinne, 221
Dunham, H. H., and Teancum Pratt, 349
Dunham, Mrs., school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
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Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Dunham, Miss, school principal, 289
Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, Carbon County interests of, 374-75
Deseret Alphabet, 295, 306
Deseret Hospital, 38, 39
Deseret Irrigation and Navigation Canal Co., 161
Deseret News: and Desert Land Act, 179; Fillmore praised by, 128; and Grant visit, 175; and J. W. Young, 78; and polygamy cases, 164-65, 172-73
Deseret Telegraph Co., 161
Desert Land Act: claim adjustment cases under, 186-88; deficiencies of, 180-81, 182-83, 184-85, 188, 189; frauds under, 181-82, 183-84, 185, 186; number of entries under, 188, 192, 194; and small Mormon land holdings, 191
Fillmore, Millard, 113; biographies of, 112-14; Chalk Creek renamed for, 125; and Compromise of 1850, 117-20, 126; early political career of, 114-15; as 1848 vice-presidential nominee, 115, 116; and Know-Nothing party, 128; opposition of, to slavery, 115, 120, 121; relations of, with Mormons, 114, 121-28; succession of, to presidency, 112, 119-20; and Thurlow Weed, 115, 116; as a Whig, 115, 116
Episcopal church: activities of, in Corinne, 222; mission schools of, 272-89
Eldridge, Jane, birthday party of, 337
Eldridge, William, coal bought by, 364
Emery County, settlement of, 367-69
Ewell, Lorenzo, brother of Sarah, 333, 351, 359
Ewell, Mary, sister-in-law of Sarah Elizabeth, 332
Ewell, Permit, LDS deacon, 352
Ewell, Sarah Elizabeth, 345; activities of, 331, 332, 349, 364; and arrest of Teancum, 339, 340, 343; birth of children of, 330, 331, 338, 339, 354, 355, 360, 365; death of, 363; homestead of, 333, 334, 360, 362; marriage of, 329, 330; separation of, from Teancum, 345, 346, 360, 362; school of, 336
Ewell, William, brother of Sarah Elizabeth, 352, 354, 358, 359
Farini, Professor, pianist/singer, 231
Farish, Mrs. —, and death of Teancum Pratt, 335
Farr, Helen, polygamous marriage of, 25
Farr, Hilda B., polygamous marriage of, 26
Federal Public Housing Authority, 297
Fillmore: naming of, 125; statehouse at, 128
Fillmore, Millard, 113; biographies of, 112-14; Chalk Creek renamed for, 125; and Compromise of 1850, 117-20, 126; early political career of, 114-15; as 1848 vice-presidential nominee, 115, 116; and Know-Nothing party, 128; opposition of, to slavery, 115, 120, 121; relations of, with Mormons, 114, 121-28; succession of, to presidency, 112, 119-20; and Thurlow Weed, 115, 116, 121; as a Whig, 115, 116
Finn, Frederick, and Teancum Pratt, 335
Fiske, Mrs. J. McGraw, Episcopal benefactress, 282
Fitch, A. M., Bear River bridge of, 224
Fitch, M., and canal problems, 357
Fitch, Tom, and schools, 350
Fitzgerald, Madame, French teacher, 281
Folky, —, peddler, 330
Foote, George W., Episcopal priest and educator, 272
Foote, Sarah, teacher, 273
Fort Douglas, 195; and University of Utah, 195-206
Franklin School, 322
Fraser, Saline Hardee, and 1924 Castle Gate mine disaster, 381-89
Frontier Guardian, Whigs supported by, 122
Fullmer, —, 332, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 361, 362, 364
Fullmer, Edwin D., LDS bishop at Spring Glen, 343, 344, 346, 372
Gay, James, first Spring Glen settler, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 376, 378
Gaines, Callie B., school principal, 287
Galbraith, Douglas, store owner, 405
Gardner, John, brother-in-law of Teancum Pratt, 330
G
Index 417
[...]

E

Eccles, David, student of Moench, 304
Eccles, S. W., banker, 174
Edmunds Act: judgments under, 156-57, 160; provisions of, 154-55
Edmunds-Tucker Act: lobbying against, 76; provisions of, 156
Edwards, John, and Teancum Pratt, 363
Edwards, R., acquaintance of Ewells, 349
Eisenhower, Dwight D., and postwar educational problems, 195-96, 201, 203
Eldridge, Sister , injury of, 364
Eldridge, , Carbon County settler, 337
Eldridge, Jane, birthday party of, 337
Emery County, settlement of, 367-69
Emery, Frank S., TAC member, 262
Emery, George W., territorial governor, 176, 179
Ewell, Lorenzo, brother of Sarah, 333, 351, 359
Ewell, Mary, sister-in-law of Sarah Elizabeth, 332
Ewell, Permit, LDS deacon, 352
Ewell, Sarah Elizabeth, 345; activities of, 331, 332, 349, 364; and arrest of Teancum, 339, 340, 343; birth of children of, 330, 331, 338, 339, 354, 355, 360, 365; death of, 363; homestead of, 333, 334, 360, 362; marriage of, 329, 330; separation of, from Teancum, 345, 346, 360, 362; school of, 336
Ewell, William, brother of Sarah Elizabeth, 352, 354, 358, 359

F

Farini, Professor, pianist/singer, 231
Farish, Mrs. —, and death of Teancum Pratt, 335
Farr, Helen, polygamous marriage of, 26
Farr, Hilda B., polygamous marriage of, 26
Federal Public Housing Authority, 297
Fillmore: naming of, 125; statehouse at, 128
Fillmore, Millard, 113; biographies of, 112-14; Chalk Creek renamed for, 125; and Compromise of 1850, 117-20, 126; early political career of, 114-15; as 1848 vice-presidential nominee, 115, 116; and Know-Nothing party, 128; opposition of, to slavery, 115, 120, 121; relations of, with Mormons, 114, 121-28; succession of, to presidency, 112, 119-20; and Thurlow Weed, 115, 116, 121; as a Whig, 115, 116
Finn, Frederick, and Teancum Pratt, 335
Fiske, Mrs. J. McGraw, Episcopal benefactress, 282
Fitch, A. M., Bear River bridge of, 224
Fitch, M., and canal problems, 357
Fitch, Tom, and schools, 350
Fitzgerald, Madame, French teacher, 281
Folky, —, peddler, 330
Foote, George W., Episcopal priest and educator, 272
Foote, Sarah, teacher, 273
Fort Douglas, 195; and University of Utah, 195-206
Franklin School, 322
Fraser, Saline Hardee, and 1924 Castle Gate mine disaster, 381-89
Frontier Guardian, Whigs supported by, 122
Fullmer, —, 332, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 361, 362, 364
Fullmer, Edwin D., LDS bishop at Spring Glen, 343, 344, 346, 372
G

Gaines, Callie B., school principal, 287
Galbraith, Douglas, store owner, 405
Gardner, John, brother-in-law of Teancum Pratt, 330
Gay, James, first Spring Glen settler, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 376, 378
Index

Johnson, E. P., Irish jig danced by, 229
Johnson, Ezekiel, Blanding settler, 395
Johnson, Grandma, Navajo, 397, 402
Johnson, W. Derby, LDS bishop in Mexico, 78
Jones, Alec, and 1924 Castle Gate mine disaster, 383, 388, 389
Jones, Dave, mine office clerk, and 1924 Castle Gate mine disaster, 383, 384, 386, 387
Jones, Edward E., miner, death of, at Castle Gate, 387, 388
Jones, Fanny B., school principal, 289
Jones, Kumen, brother-in-law of W. C. Lyman, 393
Jones, Mrs. Edward E., 383
Jones, Scotty, Navajo, 401
Jones, W. Derby, LDS bishop in Mexico, 78
Jones, Will-John, and 1924 Castle Gate mine disaster, 383
Jorgensen, Oviena, plural marriage of, 18-19

K
Kane, Thomas L., as lobbyist for Mormons, 117, 127
Kay, John, and F. Piercy, 60
Keifer, Richard, and Teancum Pratt, 349, 352
Kiem, land buyer, 356
Kimball, Heber C.: and church finances, 95; as proposed territorial justice, 121
Kirk, and Teancum Pratt, 345
Kirby, Reynold Marvin, Episcopal priest, and Rowland Hall, 279, 281, 282
Kline, Miss, singing teacher, 231
Ku Klux Klan, activities of, in Carbon County, 258-59

L
Lake, Bailey, Blanding settler, 395
Lamar, Lucius Q. C., secretary of the interior, 181, 182, 183
Larsen, LDS stake president, 351
Lemmon, Mrs., coal bought by, 361
Leonard, Abel, Episcopal bishop of Utah, 282, 284
Liberty, Missouri, jail at, 87
Liberty Park (Salt Lake City), history of Tracy Aviary in, 261-70
Linford, James, editor of F. Piercy, 56, 57, 62, 63
Lippincott, Caroline Rowland, Rowland Hall benefactress, 284
Lidizetti, merchant, 363
Little, Feramorz, bond for G. Q. Cannon posted by, 173
Little, Mary Pratt, 362
Locke, Morris R., associate of J. W. Young, 80
Logan Seminary (LDS), and separation of church and state, 293-94
Loofbourow, master in chancery, 7
Lund, Anthon H., and post-Manifesto plural marriages, 13, 24-25 n. 35

Lyman, Albert R., and founding of Blanding, 390, 394-95, 400, 401, 404, 405
Lyman, Cassie, daughter of Albert, 394
Lyman, Francis M.: post-Manifesto plural marriage performed by, 11; visits of, as LDS apostle, 342, 346, 357
Lyman, Joseph A., and Blanding settlement, 394
Lyman, Leila, wife of Albert, 394
Lyman, Lynn, son of Walter, 393
Lyman, Marvin, and Blanding water system, 400-401
Lyman, Platte D., brother of Walter, 393
Lyman, Walter C., and founding of Blanding, 393-94, 395, 396, 400, 404, 405
Lynch, coal bought by, 361

M
McAlister, polygamy prisoner, 342
McCook, Macdowell, 280
M'Dermid, Dr., wife of, and Castle Gate mine disaster, 258
MacDonald, Alice B., school principal, 287
McFarland, Noah C., General Land Office commissioner, 181, 182
McKean, James B., territorial chief justice, 129
McLaren, Jane (Jennie), wife of R. M. Kirby, 279, 282
Maeser, Karl G., educator, 308, 308-10, 311
Manifesto: conflicting interpretations of 6-10, 17, 25, 28-29, 35; effect of, 48; issuance of, 156
Manti Temple, dedication of, 174
Marks, William, LDS leader in Nauvoo, 85, 91
Marsden, James, excommunication of, 60, 62
Marsh, Abby, teacher, 280
Marsh, Lucia, school principal, 280
Martin, R. B., Teancum Pratt bought canal claim of, 353
Maw, Herbert B., governor, and University of Utah, 201
Maxwell, George R., general, 225
Mead, Anna Elizabeth: activities of, 332, 346, 349, 351, 363, 364, 365; and arrest of Teancum Pratt, 339; children of, 330, 331, 335, 338, 340, 345, 359; death of, 365; home of, 354; illness of, 361-62; marriage of, 329, 330; relations of, with Sarah Ewell, 346, 362
Mead, Elwood, irrigation investigator, 188-89
Mead, Lydia Presly, mother of Anna, 329, 331, 332, 335, 358, 360
Mead, Orlando, father of Anna, 329, 349, 350, 352, 355
Merrill, Charles E., post-Manifesto plural marriage of, 14
Merrill, Marriner W., 12; and post-Manifesto plural marriages, 12, 14, 29
Methodist church, activities of, in Corinne, 222
Mexican Northern Railway, 78-79
Miller, George, Episcopal priest, 280
Miller, Harry, Teancum Pratt bought ranch of, 360
Miller, R. G., LDS stake president, 362, 363
Pratt, Helen Grace (daughter), 338, 360, 361, 362
Pratt, Irving Benjamin (son), 354, 355
Pratt, Isabelle Ruth (daughter), 343, 346, 353, 359
Pratt, Joseph (son), 335, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365
Pratt, Julia (sister), 330
Pratt, Lehi Marion (son), 331
Pratt, Lucy (sister), 342
Pratt, Mary Lydia (daughter), 330, 357
Pratt, Matho (son), 340, 361, 363, 365
Pratt, Moroni (son), 338, 365
Pratt, Mustah (son), 338, 359
Pratt, Nell (sister), 342
Pratt, Nephi (son), 331
Pratt, Orson (uncle), daughter of, 302; and F. Piercy, 57, 59, 60, 62-64
Pratt, Orson Aaron (son), 365
Pratt, Parley Pahoran (son), 330, 347, 348, 351, 358
Pratt, Parley Parker (father), 328, 329, 330
Pratt, Samuel (son), 339, 359
Pratt, Sarah Elizabeth (daughter), 331, 353, 357, 358
Pratt, Sarah Ewell (wife), 345, 376. See also Ewell, Sarah Elizabeth
Pratt, Teancum Orlando (son), 330
Pratt, Zina (sister), 332
Pratt, Zina Mercy (daughter), 343
Presbyterian church, activities of, in Corinne, 222
Presbyterian Union Sabbath School, 222
Preston, William B.: and John Sharp, 166, 174; and Utah Northern Railroad, 69, 70, 71
Provo, 142-43; study of probate court at, 129-47
Purdy, William M., headmaster of Rowland Hall-St. Mark’s, 291
Reynolds, Sarah “Killarney,” neighbor of Zeeses, 248, 249, 258
Rhoades, Caleb Baldwin, trapper, founder of Price, Utah, 370-71, 371
Rhoades, Thomas, LDS ward official, 362, 363
Richards, Franklin D., and F. Piercy, 56, 59, 60, 62
Richards, Samuel W., LDS British mission president, and F. Piercy, 51-52, 55, 56, 60
Richards, Willard: F. Piercy portrait of, 57; proposed territorial official, 121
Richardson, Benjamin, financier, 70
Richardson, Joseph, financier, 70, 77
Riddle, Isaac, intended murder victim, 135
Rigdon, Sidney, LDS official at Nauvoo, 91, 93
Riter, William, railroad promoter, 71
Roberts, B. H.: Carbon County visit of, 346; House refused to seat, 10, 20-21, 20, 34; illustrations by F. Piercy used by, 58; and polygamy, 32
Robinson, — , polygamy prisoner, 341, 342
Robinson, J. W., congressman, and postwar U of U needs, 199
Rockefeller, John D., capitalist, 67
Rocky Mountain Vocalists of Montana, 231
Rogers, Willis, Blanding settler, 395
Rooney, — , coal bought by, 363
Roosevelt, Theodore: and Desert Land Act, 191; and Mormons, 36
Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley, Illustrated (Illustrated Route), 50, 54, 55, 56, 59, 62, 63, 64, 65
Rowland, Benjamin, Philadelphia industrialist, 278, 279
Rowland Hall, 271, 285, 288; athletics at, 286; early years of, 278-83; educational program of, 282-84, 286-88; finances of, 279, 281-82, 284-89; grounds and buildings of, 278-79, 281, 284; merger of, with St. Mark’s, 291; staff and students of, 280-81, 286
Rowland Hall-St. Mark’s School, 272, 288, 290, 291-92
Rowland, Josephine (daughter), 279
Rowland, Virginia (daughter), first wife of R. M. Kirby, 279
Rowley, John, and Teancum Pratt, 353, 355-56
Royal, Utah, 383 n. 1
Rumel, John H., John Sharp defended by, 168, 170
Russell S., and Teancum Pratt, 346
Ryan, Dan, Corinne marshal, 221
St. Mark’s Cathedral, graduation exercises in, 280
St. Mark’s Church, school held in, 275
St. Mark’s Grammar School, 273-80, 276
St. Mark’s Hospital, founding of, 279
St. Mark’s School: buildings of, 289; closing of, to support public schools, 282; enroll-
ment and educational programs of, 289, 291; founding and early history of, 275-77, 297, 303; merger of with Rowland Institution, 291; reopening of, in 1956, 289
St. Mark's School for Girls, history of, 275-81
Salt Lake & Eastern Railroad, 76, 77-78
Salt Lake and Fort Douglas Railway, 76-77
Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce: and office space shortage, 200; and U of U, 204
Salt Lake City Commission, and Tracy Aviary, 262
Salt Lake City Railroad Company, 71
Salt Lake City Twelfth Ward, H. B. Clawson, bishop of, 157
Salt Lake City Twentieth Ward, John Sharp bishop of, 161-71
Salt Lake Grammar School, branch of, at Corinne, 222-23
Salt Lake Journal of Commerce, and J. W. Young, 79
Salt Lake Journal of Commerce, polygamy abandoned by, 162-63; polygamy adopted by, 162-63; polygamy by, 163-64, 166; relations of with B. Young, 81-97; second marriage of, 90-95; sons of, 82-84, 92; and succession to LDS presidency, 91, 93
Salt Lake Temple, building of, 161
Salt Lake Tribune: post-Manifesto plural marriages published by, 32; and U of U building needs, 206; and U. S. Grant visit, 175
Sampson, ———, polygamy prisoner, 342
Savage, Herbert, Spring Glen settler, 346, 347, 351, 353, 361
School of the Prophets, 162
Schultz, Henry, teacher, 302, 303
Schurz, Carl, secretary of the interior, 180
Scoles, Marion, plural wife of George Teasdale, 13
Scott, Jacob, Nauvoo described by, 96
Sears, Septimus, polygamy abandoned by, 172
Seymour, Miss ———, teacher, 280
Senter, Daisy M., student, 280
Seward, William Henry, 118; and Compromise of 1850, 118, 121; as a Whig, 115, 116, 117, 125
Sharp, John, Jr., 148; business and church interests of, 68, 161-62; death of, 174; home of, 167; LDS stake proceedings against, 167-71; ostracism of, 164-71, 173; polygamy adopted by, 162-63; polygamy abandoned by, 149, 163-64, 166; relations of, with LDS leaders, 173-74; trial of, 163-64
Sharp, James (son), 168
Shaver, Leonidas, territorial justice, 126
Sheed, William E., head of Ninth Service Command, 196
Shepherd, Julius, Helper YMCA director, 255
Short, D. R., Corinne baseball captain, 226
Shumway, Peter, Blanding settler, 395, 399, 405
Simmons, A., death of child of, 352
Simmons, Mat, and Teancum Pratt, 333
Sipe, Charley, blacksmith, 397
Siston, ———, railroad man, 351
Skeen, John S., War Assets Administration official, 204
Sloan, Joseph L., SLC parks superintendent, 263, 268
Smith, Alexander Hale, as RLDS missionary, 82, 83, 91, 92
Smith, David, son of Emma, 59, 83, 92
Smith, Don Carlos, widow of, 94
Smith, Emma Hale, 81; business interests of, 87-88, 94-96; byname by, 84-85; and Joseph, Jr., 84-90, 93, 97; and polygamy, 89-90, 91, 93; relations of with B. Young, 81-97; second marriage of, 90-95; sons of, 82-84, 92; and succession to LDS presidency, 91, 93
Smith, Frederick, son of Emma, 92
Smith, George A., and family of Joseph, Jr., 54
Smith, Hyrum, relations of, with Emma, 90, 94
Smith, John, Jr., F. Piercy portrait of, 57
Smith, John, Sr., F. Piercy portrait of, 57
Smith, Joseph F., 25; and John Sharp case, 165-66; post-Manifesto marriages approved by, 11, 12-13, 15-19, 36; and “Second Manifesto,” 23-26; and Smoot hearings, 22-25, 26, 27-28; and Taylor-Cowley affair, 27-33
Smith, Joseph, Jr.: arrest of, 87, 89; assassination of, 306; and B. Young, 84-86; drawings of family of, by F. Piercy, 54-56, 57, 59; and education, 294; and Emma Hale, 84-90; financial affairs of, 86, 87, 88, 89, 94-96; and polygamy, 89; as prophet, 162; revelation of, 156; sons of, 82, 92
Smith, Joseph III, 92; F. Piercy portrait of, 59; and RLDS presidency, 82, 83, 84, 86, 88, 91, 93, 94
Smith, Mary, daughter of Samuel, 93
Smith, Samuel, 93
Smith, Silas, probate judge, 136
Smith, William, brother of Joseph, Jr., 93
Smoot, Reed, 20; controversy over U. S. Senate seating of, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 19, 21-27, 28, 30-31, 32, 34, 36
Snow, Eliza R., scribe for Emma Smith, 89
Snow, Erastus, LDS apostle, 54, 303, 373
Snow, Zerubabbel, territorial justice and probate judge, 121, 122, 137, 137
Southworth, ———, canal stock of, 357
Spalding, Franklin Spencer, Episcopal bishop of Utah, 284
Spencer, ———, polygamy prisoner, 341
Spencer, Claudio N., polygamy abandoned by, 173
Spencer, Lydia, plural wife of Rudger Clawson, 157, 159-60
Spring Glen: and canal, 376-77; early history and settlers of, 338, 366-78; ethnic character of, 366-67, 378; and farming, 373-74; and mining, 373; and railroad, 366, 374-75; town activities of, 375-76, 377
Staes, Urban, Greek vice-consul, 258
Statehood, effect of, on LDS church, 5-6, 10
Stayer, Arthur, LDS missionary in France, 51
Stayner, Charles W., attorney, 180-81
Stein, Nat, poem by, 230
Stevens, Hyrum, Blanding settler, 395
Stewart, Clyde E., study of desert land entries by, 192-94
Stillwell, Joseph, Sixth Army commander, 201
Stout, Hosea, and John Sharp case, 170
Stowell, H. J., LDS bishop in Carbon County, 349, 351, 357
Stringfellow, George, and Desert Land Act, 180
Strong, Josiah, Congressional missionary, 297
Surplus Property Act, equipment and land received by U of U under, 203, 205
Sutherland, George, student of Maeser, 310
Taylor, A. W., powder co. official, 224
Taylor, Charley, and Teancum Pratt, 353
Taylor, George, and Teancum Pratt, 349
Taylor, John, 153; and antipolygamy laws, 151-55, 170, 174; and City of Zion plat, 375; and education, 306-8, 310, 311; and Emery County settlement, 368; and F. Piercey, 51, 59, 82; and John Sharp, 173; and J. W. Young, 73; as probate judge, 137; revelation of, 169
Taylor, John W., 5; church trial of, 27-33, 36; excommunication of, 6, 11, 30; post-Manifesto plural marriages of, 11
Taylor, Joseph E., LDS stake leader, and John Sharp case, 167-70
Taylor, Lenorah Mary, plural wife of M. F. Cowley, 14
Taylor, baseball catcher, 226
Taylor, Raymond, son of John W., 33
Taylor, Zachary, 118; and Compromise of 1850, 118-19; death of, 119; and Mormons, 118, 119, 121; presidential nomination of, 116-18
Teasdale, George, 12; post-Manifesto plural marriage of, 12, 13, 17, 29; and Smoot hearings, 28
Thatcher, Moses, LDS leader, 225
Thomas, C, and Teancum Pratt, 349
Thomas, Elbert D., U.S. senator, and postwar needs of U of U, 197, 201, 203, 204
Thompson, Dewey, death of, 360
Thompson, E. F., Blanding settler, 395
Thompson, H. C, brother-in-law of Teancum Pratt, 360
Thompson, William H., counseling of, 350
Tomlinson, and Joseph Smith, Jr., 88
Tousch, Dennis J., Corinne journalist, 223, 230
Tousch, Mrs. Alex, party of, 229
Toosy, Dorothy, and Corinne, 197, 201
Tuttle, Daniel S., first Episcopal bishop of Utah, and mission schools, 273-75, 278, 279-80, 281-82
Utah Central Railroad, 67-69, 75, 162
Utah County Probate Court, study of fairness of, to non-Mormons, 131-47
Utah Eastern Railroad, 79
Utah Fuel Company, 374, 384, 388
Utah Navajo Development Council, 404
Utah Northern Railroad: effect of, on Corinne, 221, 225; and J. W. Young, 69-71
Utah Southern Railroad, 162
Utah Territory: creation of, 117-21; district courts in, criticized, 133-35; M. Fillmore names officials of, 122-24; miracle of, charged, 124; probate courts in, 130-47; proposed officials of, 121-22; relations of, with federal government, 129-31
United Mine Workers of America, and strikes in Carbon County, 251, 260
United States v. Reynolds, Anti-Bigamy Act upheld in, 151-52
University of Deseret, 295, 299-300, 302, 304, 305, 309, 311
University of Utah, classroom needs at, 199-203; enrollment at, 197, 199, 204-5; founding of, 204-5; growth problems at, 195-200; housing at, 197, 204; land for, 204-6; scholastic requirements at, 199
Utah Central Railroad, 67-69, 75, 162
Utah County Probate Court, study of fairness of, to non-Mormons, 131-47
Utah Eastern Railroad, 79
Utah Fuel Company, 374, 384, 388
Utah Navajo Development Council, 404
Utah National Guard, and 1922 strike, 251
Utah Northern Railroad: effect of, on Corinne, 221, 225; and J. W. Young, 69-71
Utah Southern Railroad, 162
Utah Territory: creation of, 117-21; district courts in, criticized, 133-35; M. Fillmore names officials of, 122-24; miracle of, charged, 124; probate courts in, 130-47; proposed officials of, 121-22; relations of, with federal government, 129-31
Uchida family, relocation of, during WW II, 235-43, 249
Uchida, Keiko, 240; leave granted to, 242-43; nursery school at Topaz established by, 239
Uchida, Yoshiko, 240; arrival of, at Topaz, 235—37; dust storms experienced by, 237-38, 240-41; leave granted to, 242-43; as a teacher, 239-42
Udall, D. K., presidential pardon of, 76
Union Pacific Railroad: and founding of Corinne, 220-21; and John Sharp, 162; and Mormons, 67, 68, 70, 71, 74
United Mine Workers of America, and strikes in Carbon County, 251, 260
United States v. Reynolds, Anti-Bigamy Act upheld in, 151-52
University of Deseret, 295, 299-300, 302, 304, 305, 309, 311
University of Utah, classroom needs at, 199-203; enrollment at, 197, 199, 204-5; founding of, 204-5; growth problems at, 195-200; housing at, 197, 204; land for, 204-6; scholastic requirements at, 199
Utah Central Railroad, 67-69, 75, 162
Utah County Probate Court, study of fairness of, to non-Mormons, 131-47
Utah Eastern Railroad, 79
Utah Fuel Company, 374, 384, 388
Utah Navajo Development Council, 404
Utah National Guard, and 1922 strike, 251
Utah Northern Railroad: effect of, on Corinne, 221, 225; and J. W. Young, 69-71
Utah Southern Railroad, 162
Utah Territorial Penitentiary, polygamists at, 148, 340-43
Utah Territory: creation of, 117-21; district courts in, criticized, 133-35; M. Fillmore names officials of, 122-24; miracle of, charged, 124; probate courts in, 130-47; proposed officials of, 121-22; relations of, with federal government, 129-31
VanNatti, ———, coal lease of, 363
Vashner, Joe, and Teancum Pratt, 363
Vashner, Joe, and Teancum Pratt, 363
Van Natti, ———, coal lease of, 363
Varian, Charles S., U.S. attorney, 7
Watt, George D., house of, becomes part of Rowland Hall, 277, 278-79
Watson, Richard S., Episcopal bishop of Utah, and reopening of St. Mark's School, 289
Watkins, Arthur V., U.S. senator, and post-war needs of U of U, 204
Webb, George D., house of, becomes part of Rowland Hall, 277, 278-79
Weber Stake Academy, 304
Weber State College, 304
Webster, Daniel, 120; and Compromise of 1850, 118; as M. Fillmore's secretary of state, 120, 121, 124
Weed, Thurlow, Whig leader, 115, 116, 121
Welby, ———, railroad official, 360
Welling, Rhoda, plural wife of J. W. Taylor, 11
Welling, Roxie, plural wife of J. W. Taylor, 11
Wells, ———, at LDS stake conference, 351
Wells, Daniel H., LDS church leader, 42, 128, 161
Wells, Miss ———, teacher, 273
Wells, Nellie, teacher, 222-23
Weston South Field Irrigation Co., 186
Whig party: birth and death of, 115, 128; and Mormons, 118-19, 121-24; and slavery issue, 115-16
Whitaker, John Mills, secretary to J. W. Young, 71, 71, 77-78, 79-80
White Horse, Navajo, 403
White, Leslie B., aviary donor, 263
Whitlow, Cyril M., U.S. Office of Education official, 202
Whitney, Newell K., proposed territorial justice, 121
Whitney, Orson F., and polygamy trials, 159, 172
Williamson, James A., General Land Office commissioner, 178, 179
Wilmot, David, Pennsylvania congressman, and slavery, 115, 116
Wilson, Calvin D., Tracy Aviary superintendent, 262, 263, 268, 269, 270
Wilson, Edward L., SLC mayor, 270
Wilson, Thomas, and G. D. Watt house, 279
Wanburn, Slack W., architect, 262
Winder, John R., and plural marriage, 26
Winters, Helen, wife of A. O. Woodruff, 13
Wiseman, ———, and Teancum Pratt, 346
Wolfe, Walter M., post-Manifesto plural marriages described by, 18-19
Woodruff, Abraham Owen, post-Manifesto plural marriage of, 12, 13-14
Woodruff, Wilford: death of, 9, 21; and John Sharp, 173; and Manifesto, 6-8, 48, 156, 174; and post-Manifesto plural marriages, 16-17, 19, 23
Woolley, Janet Maria, plural wife of J. W. Taylor, 11, 33
World War II: effect of end of, on universities, 193-206; relocation of Japanese-Americans during, 234-43
Wornum, Catherine Agnes, second wife of F. Piercy, 65
Wornum, Ralph Nicholson, father of Catherine, 65
Worthington, A. S., Reed Smoot's attorney at hearings, 30
Yianni, Father ———, Greek Orthodox priest at Price, 248-49
Young, Andrew, and Castle Gate mine disaster, 386
Young, Brigham, 81; children of, 67, 85, 295, 301; and church finances, 94, 95, 96; and education, 224, 294-95, 300; and Emery County settlement, 367, 368, 372; and Emma Smith, 81-97; family connections of, 157; and federal government, 119, 161, 176; and F. Piercy, 50, 56, 57, 60, 62-64, 65; as governor, 121, 122, 124-28, 135; and Joseph Smith, Jr., 84-86, 88, 89; and lawsuits, 139; and LDS succession, 91, 93, mission of, 85; and polygamy, 90, 93; of power of, 81, 131, 221; and railroads, 67, 69, 70, 71; writings of, 307
Young, Brigham, Jr., 12, 85; and John Sharp case, 165; and post-Manifesto polygamy, 12, 15
Young, Jenny, and Castle Gate mine disaster, 386
Young, John W., 66; birth and education of, 67; financial ruin of, 79, 80; and LDS church, 73-76, 80; and mining, 72; as a promoter, 67, 69, 71, 72, 76, 80; and railroads, 67-79, 157; and tourism, 72-73, 77
Young, Joseph, son of Brigham, 85
Young, Mary Ann, daughter of Brigham, 85
Young, Mary Ann Angell, mother of John W., 67
YMCA, Sunday School of, in Helper, 248, 255
Young, Roxie Emma Alice, daughter of Brigham, 85
Young, Seymour B., LDS official, 337
Young, William, Blanding settler, 395
Zeese, Emily, Greek immigrant, 245, 246-47, 248, 250, 259
Zeese, George, Greek immigrant, 244-46, 250, 255, 258, 259, 260
Zeese, Josephine, daughter of Emily and George, 248, 251, 255
Zeese, Sophie, daughter of Emily and George, 248

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